

A. J. MUNNINGS' PICTURES AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY  
(Illustrated). By the Master of Charterhouse.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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VOL. XLIX.—No. 1269.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30th, 1921.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## THE STANDARD OF LIVING

THE phrase "a standard of living" is being bandied about a great deal just now, and it is certainly worth while devoting one's thought to elucidating its meaning. One of the difficulties in the mining situation arises from the jealous care of the workers that their standard of living shall not be lowered. Their zeal would meet with more sympathy if other classes had not been forced to lower their standard of living whether they like it or not. It may be said broadly that, with the exception of those who found their opportunity in their country's need and made great, and not always honest, profits during the war, every honest worker has had to reduce his standard of living.

Before the war taxation sat lightly on the British citizen. He did not need to save for his income tax. He was rich as compared with what he is now, and the exactions of the Treasury could be met out of his income. But nowadays as soon as the first half of the vastly increased income tax has been met the average man has to begin saving for the next call upon his resources. This occurs at a time when, in spite of a certain decrease in the cost of living, everything is still dear. The salaried or middle classes suffer most of all. They have not only to

pay more in taxation, but the schoolmaster demands more for educating their children, the doctor's charges have been increased, so have the lawyer's fees. Hence the standard of living to which they were accustomed before the war has had to be lowered. The position of the working man has been different. Many of his burdens are borne by the State. Education costs the State over sixty millions more than it did before the war. But those who send their children to elementary schools are not affected except in so far as they are ratepayers. The middle-class man has to pay his rates and taxes and thumping school bills in addition. The labouring man pays a share of the rates and taxes with a grumble; in fact, he tries to avoid paying the income tax altogether, and he continues to receive the education of his children for nothing. The State, that is the taxpayer, also meets all but a fraction of his expense in illness, and he very seldom incurs any legal expenses. If he goes on strike, as the miners have at the present moment, no doubt his family becomes thereby subject to a certain amount of privation, but it is a privation that has to be shared to the full by other classes of the community. The scarcity of coal indicates only one form of this privation. It is important, but not so important as the complete or partial stoppage of industries which depend on coal.

Another point of view is brought out very clearly in an article contributed by Dean Inge to the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. His argument is that in the end those countries must prevail where the people have to live most frugally and work the hardest. It is with a race as with individuals. Many of the richest families of to-day, probably a majority, sprang from the working classes. It was not a high standard of living but a low standard that gave them a preliminary advantage over their competitors. We know it is a hard doctrine to preach, but Nature is itself hard, and it is well to face the facts. Dean Inge holds that a nation like the Chinese which has been hardened by centuries of incessant toil and poor living must eventually oust the comfortable nations. It is not only in regard to labour but in regard to all classes of the community that the principle applies. The tendency of custom is to change luxuries into what are regarded as necessities. For luxury is a comparative term. One man thinks that he could not exist without his daily modicum of wine; another holds the same opinion with regard to his homelier drink of beer. A third condemns both and says that the one is no more essential than the other. So in regard to food. What one man thinks a daily necessity another regards as a luxury to be indulged in once a week. We doubt if argument will ever change anything of this kind. Nations that have become too rich have, in the past, always had to succumb. No liberal-minded man of to-day would grudge to see workers increase their comfort, have better food, drink and raiment than they have been accustomed to, but if that is to be done without impairing the health of the nation there is only one course open. It is to earn the means of maintaining a high standard of living. It brings us back to Carlyle's doctrine of toil, which in some quarters it is the fashion to disparage. The economic law works with iron precision. The only permanent way in which to secure a high standard of living is by the industry that goes to increase the riches of the country as a whole. In saying this we are not propounding a doctrine for or against any one class, or attempting to decide on the righteousness or otherwise of the claim of the miners. We are all for settling the division of profits on a just basis, but a dispute about dividing the spoils will not make up for a diminishing productiveness. That must come from labour and frugality on the part of all.

## Our Frontispiece

THE frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE is a portrait of the Countess of Minto, before her marriage in January Miss Marion Cook of Montreal.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



# COUNTRY



## NOTES

WITH great moderation and not without touches of philosophy and humour Mr. Speaker Lowther on Monday announced his retirement. Thus he passes from one of the greatest public offices in the country to the domain of history, where he will henceforth figure as one of that long line of illustrious men who have been Speakers of the House of Commons. There is no other country that can show a succession equal to it. The qualities of a Speaker may not at first sight appear to be of the heroic order. Indeed, the ideal Speaker lacks some of the very qualities that make for heroism. In his place the uncontrolled enthusiasm which is closely akin to fanaticism and has been the making of many a great man would be a hindrance rather than a help. The qualities which are most pronounced in him are, first of all, an inviolate integrity, a stainless character, for on that must be based the respect of the House of Commons. We would almost be inclined to give to moderation the second place. The ideal Speaker must be able to understand a conviction he does not share and appreciate honesty even when it is directed against his own beliefs. He must be firm, but the firmness should be tempered with courtesy, and is so much the better if, as is the case with Mr. Lowther, sobriety of judgment is lightened by a happy sense of humour. There are other requisites so essential as almost to need no recapitulation, such as a good understanding, a retentive memory, a thorough knowledge alike of the atmosphere of the House of Commons and of its traditions and precedents. There is no man in England who fulfils these conditions more adequately than he who has just made his farewell bow. His youth and education, his pleasures and amusements have been those of an English country gentleman. Added to all this, he has spent thirty-seven years in the House of Commons and he leaves it crowned with honour. It only remains to hope that his days may be prolonged in the land and that the evening of his life may be a happy sequel to his strenuous career.

NEXT week will be published the second article in the series which Professor Thomson of Aberdeen is writing for our pages. The first was printed in the issue for April 16th and dealt with *The Mind of a Monkey*. The second ranges over a wider scope and, though it could scarcely be more interesting than the first, it, at any rate, equals it. The subject is "*The Mind of the Mammal*." Of course the monkey, which has been already dealt with, is excluded, the mammals dealt with being those which have come under observation as pets or as servants of man, and also many of the most interesting of the animals kept as nearly as possible under natural conditions in Zoological Gardens. Professor Thomson relies for his facts almost exclusively on personal observation, although that does not preclude him from quoting other eminent authorities when they have noted a very out of the way exhibition of intelligence or expressed themselves with exceptional felicity. Lovers of animals will find every line in this article telling and fascinating.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S last Budget must necessarily produce a feeling of tragic disappointment in the minds of those who have gone on paying a far greater income tax than they could afford in the hope and belief that, it would be speedily reduced. Instead of doing that Mr. Chamberlain practically marks no change. A revenue of no less than one thousand four hundred million pounds was collected last financial year, and taxation remains the same. Of course, it was partly made up of the remnants of the Excess Profits Tax and the sale of Government material. Both of these sources of revenue are drying up and the prospect for the salaried middle classes becomes more dismal than ever. It must be so until a determined move is made to relieve them. If things are allowed to go on as they have been, what we shall see will be that as the prosperity of the country dwindles and the actual wealth grows less and less a greater demand will be placed on the income-tax payer. Doubts are expressed on all sides as to the ability of the Government to extract a revenue of over one thousand millions from the country this year. Mr. Chamberlain reckons on Income Tax alone bringing in four hundred and ten millions, which is more than double the entire revenue before the war. The cry is increasingly loud that nothing has been done, not even a beginning has been made, to the urgent task of making the Government something more than an agency for the distribution of doles. Its supreme vice is that of inducing in the unemployed a lack of eagerness to get into harness again. There are many who would rather exist on a dole than really live on wages.

### THE EXILES.

The sirens shrill. On loss and gain  
The ledgers close. The slaves are free.  
Down through the dingy dockland lane!  
Down to the threshold of the sea!

And there, beyond or rime or reek,  
Framed in the fret of shroud and spar,  
Our vision lifts—the mangrove creek,  
The long lagoon, the foam-white bar.

And, where amid the sodden piles  
Grim tides are lost in loathly calm,  
Enmiraged float a thousand isles  
Girt with the glory of the palm.

The sirens shrill. The helots cower.  
The ledgers gape for purse and pen,  
But we have had our hour—our hour  
As slaves who drudge, who dream as Men.

FRANK SAVILE.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE is the greatest military hero France ever produced, and without distinction of parties Frenchmen will celebrate his centenary on May 4th and 5th. Notre-Dame will witness the first great act of the celebration. Cardinal Dubois, the newly installed Archbishop, will officiate. There will be a Requiem Mass sung by a choir and orchestra of five hundred persons, assisted by the Garde Republicaine—the famous military band. The Government has lent for the occasion the funeral cloth in which were wrapped the ashes of the Emperor when his remains were brought back to the banks of the Seine. The most striking military ceremony will be a march past under the Arc de Triomphe. This monument was originally planned by Napoleon as a memorial of the Grande Armée though it was not constructed until 1836. Under it the coffin of Napoleon passed, surrounded by the veterans he had led. Men of all politics and all creeds will observe the occasion for, whether they differ from Napoleon's ideas or not, they recognise in him one of the greatest and most representative of Frenchmen.

WHEN Dr. Rowlands wrote his letter "*Pigs or Corn?*" he evidently struck a vein of very keen interest, as quite a large number of letters were sent to obtain the pamphlet which he offered. We hope many of our readers will take advantage of the offer he makes to-day. He is going to give a course of four lectures on pig-keeping on scientific and profitable lines. Dr. Rowlands invites our readers to attend and says that he would like to show them the methods

he uses for the rearing of pigs and answer any questions. We may say that Dr. Rowlands is not engaged in this work from any pecuniary motive. His ambition is to keep in this country some of the ninety millions we paid last year to foreign countries for pig products. We are sure he is on the way to success. The extraordinary price to which bacon rose during and after the war offers an unprecedented opportunity for carrying on pig-keeping on a satisfactory financial basis. A point not to be lost sight of is that these out-of-door pigs which have no pigsties to house them are healthy and happy, and, what is more, they are free from tubercle, a disease to which pigs have been subject time out of mind. It flourished among them when the common practice was to keep them fastened up in pigsties that were not only close but bedded with filth. If a plan had been formed to encourage consumption among them nothing could have been invented more likely to secure that result. It might be set down as axiomatic that animals flourish best in the open air. It was the discovery that horses did better without stables in Flanders that kept the Army horses so well in the latter years of the war.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the Flax Production Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture has had to show a considerable loss on the cultivation of flax from January 1st, 1908, to November 30th, 1920. The estimated total loss is one million one hundred and seventy-two thousand odd pounds out of a total expenditure of two million three hundred and forty thousand pounds. Before the war attempts were periodically made at reviving flax-growing as an industry. The results obtained never were satisfactory and the work entailed did not find much favour with labourers. But many people feel assured that flax-growing might be made a very profitable industry. The Flax Production Branch is, nevertheless, not to blame for not making a profit. They undertook the work for which in its earlier stages the Development Commission was responsible. Perhaps, the Commission might take this matter up again with a view to showing that flax production in this country is by no means a hopeless enterprise. In fact it might be a lucrative one.

TO-DAY there sets sail on the *Caronia* the most formidable army of American amateur golfers that has yet invaded our shores. It contains the "big three" of American golf, Messrs. "Chick" Evans, Francis Ouimet and "Bobby" Jones, and a number of other very good if slightly less formidable players. The only one missing is Mr. Robert Gardner, whom we should all dearly like to see again. Years ago Mr. John Low warned us to be prepared against these young Americans, for "already he heard the hooting of their steamers in the Mersey," and now his prophetic imagination is entirely justified. There is no doubt that they are very dangerous, as is Miss Alexa Stirling among the ladies, and at the moment we are inclined to be rather afraid of them. That is probably a good thing. It is in that frame of mind that we do best. In 1904 we did not in the least realise how good Mr. Travis was, and he won. Last year we were not afraid of Mr. Gardner, and he came so near to winning that those who saw his match with Mr. Tolley still shiver at the recollection. This time we shall not underrate our adversaries and shall, let us hope, give a good account of ourselves. Our amateur golfing material is still a little raw since the war, but there is much in it that is good.

APART from those who take a passionate interest in professional football, there are thousands of people who, having cared nothing for it all the winter, feel a momentary thrill when it is dying slowly in the spring. The long-drawn-out struggle of the Leagues they frankly find tedious, but they cannot resist the short, sharp excitement of the Cup. Last Saturday's Cup final was to this outside world more compelling than usual because of the element of rivalry between the South and the North or, to be more precise, the Midlands. Many a placid Southerner must have suddenly to his own surprise felt a little stir in his blood and a temperate longing for the

success of Tottenham Hotspur. The "Spurs" did win a clearly merited victory, if only by a single goal, and the King was there to see them do it and give them their medals. So London ended its football season well pleased with itself and can now think about Lord's and the Oval and the Australians.

ONE effect of the failure of our fruit crop last year is becoming daily more visible. It has enabled foreign and Colonial growers to find an unexpectedly large market. At the present moment large consignments of apples are reaching us from Australia, and a report informs us that so well are they kept that they arrive with the same bloom that they had when hanging from the tree. The difficulty has been solved of bringing apples from a very great distance to the English market without any loss of condition. In February nearly a hundred and seven thousand barrels of apples were shipped from Halifax, Nova Scotia, most of them to the British Isles. This brings the total shipment of the season up to over eight hundred and thirty-nine thousand barrels, which is almost double that for the same period last season. It is believed in some quarters that Nova Scotia may send out over a million barrels before the season ends. One likes to hear of the progress of fruit-growing in those far off Dominions of the King, but at the same time one hopes, for the sake of those at home, that the snow and frost of April will not work such havoc upon the British crop as equally inclement weather did in 1920.

#### THE USES OF PEAT.

Last week my neighbour Mrs. Bate  
Says, "Grates are very out of date,  
Electric fires are now the thing  
For cooking and for ironing.  
But you, I see, poor Mrs. Smith,  
Still have your range to battle with.  
You use for fuel simply wood?  
And peat?—Dear me! How very crude!  
So dusty, too, makes such a mess.  
Ah well, I honestly confess  
I'm glad I am not placed like you,  
For sure I don't know what I'd do."

To-day, across her garden wall  
I heard her say to Mrs. Small,  
"It seems to me that in a strike,  
That everyone should share alike.  
It is most hard that we should be  
So short of electricity.  
I cannot cook, nor iron, nor heat—  
Now, if I only had some peat  
Like Mrs. Smith, who lives next door,  
I needn't worry any more.  
I'm in a funk and fairly stuck,  
But there—some folks get all the luck."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah well, to me 'tis very clear  
That naught but "folk" could be so queer,  
There ain't no satisfying some,  
Who aren't contented till they're glum.  
And yet I think since Mrs. Bate  
To-day is sadly out of date,  
And I have fallen on my feet,  
I'll take her in a dozen peat.

JOAN ARUNDELL.

A GOOD deal of interest—some of it of a rather melancholy character—attaches to the manuscript of a further series of "Tales of a Grandfather," being the second set drawn from French history, which was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms recently for £95. This manuscript, which is mostly in the handwriting of William Laidlaw, Scott's amanuensis, but has many notes and some pages in the author's own writing, was begun in May, 1831, after one of Sir Walter's severest strokes of apoplexy. Apparently there was at one time an idea of publishing these tales, for with the manuscript there was sold a letter from Frederick MacMillan rejecting it and saying, "I confess, in the interest of the fame of Scott, I should be sorry to hear of any attempt to publish this fragment." This conclusion, we trust, will be endorsed by all sensible people,



and we hope that, though the manuscript has been publicly sold, it need not necessarily be dragged into print. No greater disservice to the memory of a great man could be done than to publish to the world work which he attempted to do when he was not fully master of his powers; and Scott, in his best work, has endowed us with so great a treasure that we owe it to his memory to respect what would, almost certainly, have been his wish

THE spring has been highly favourable to the gorse this year, and we do not remember ever having seen a more brilliant display than it is now making on bank and waste and common. One wonders why such a beautiful plant is not more freely admitted into the garden. It is

not at all particular about soil or situation, and will fill up a corner, adorn a bank or make a hedgerow in a manner equally beautiful. The hedge may be kept shapely by Miss Jekyll's method of trimming it. She cuts it on one side one year and on the other side the next, so that during its course of training it never loses beauty. Not only does it grow freely, but it propagates readily. Every agriculturist knows how the seedlings multiply round it, and if it did not it could be easily increased by cuttings, coming quickly into flower and bushing out into a hedge that may be at once a boundary and a shelter. The double-flowered variety is preferable chiefly because of its much more compact habit. Of the two it is certainly the better suited to form a hedge.

## MR. A. J. MUNNINGS' PICTURES AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

WHEN, some years ago, Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., made his first appearance and with it his first success—for the two things fell together—there were some of us who saw that we had among us a man who, granted life, was to give us things which should delight not merely lovers of good art, but also those who love horse and hound and the men and women who have to do with them, and still more the healthy country surroundings in which all these things are set for healthy minds—nay, even the very atmosphere which they breathe. And we have not been disappointed. The exigencies of the war took him for a time, as it took many another artist, into the regions of war picture. Extremely good were these contributions of his to the history of our horse in war (why, oh why are these good and faithful servants to remain with the sentence on them “and some there be that have left no

memorial”?)—why not a fine visible memorial that shall touch the man in the street?). However, to hark back, all the artists who handled the war—and what a good lot they were—were surely conscious of some kind of restraint. They were not really working in the atmosphere which their work would thrive best in. It is over now, and Mr. A. J. Munnings is back again, not to “fresh woods and pastures new” but to the old ones where he is so happy, and we with him.

There are forty-seven pictures, a very small number of which are pure landscape. The greater number have horse and hound for their main motive, set in landscape which never asserts itself and yet is in many cases as important to the enjoyment of the whole. If you set to work to analyse the elements of which the art is composed, which should not be done till you have thoroughly absorbed by long dwelling on them all the features that make for mere enjoyment, you will find masterly,



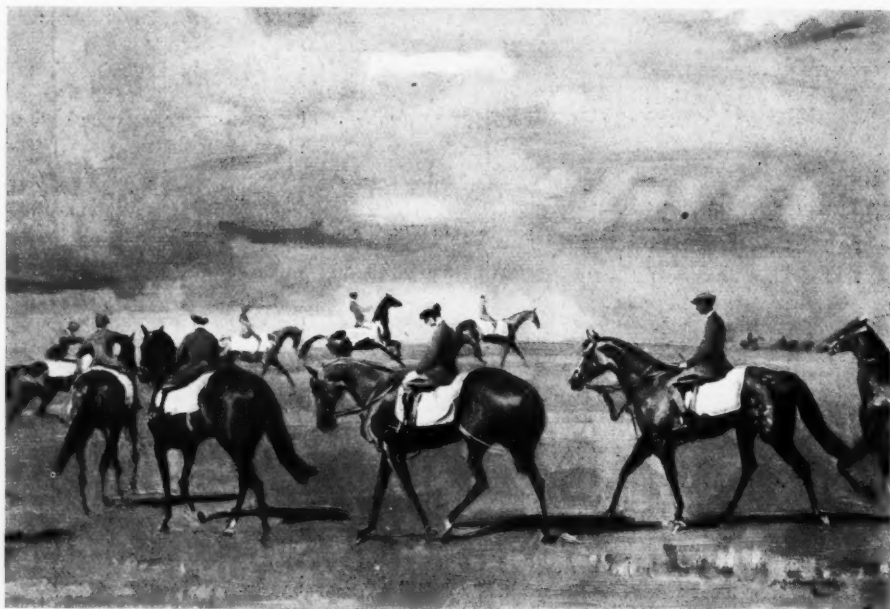
THE FRIESIAN BULL.



Almost faultless, draughtsmanship of animals and men, extraordinary knowledge of attitude, type, circumstance, and a still more extraordinary power of entering with the fullest sympathy into scenes which without it would leave us wholly unmoved or even dulled. I venture to place this sympathy of his absolutely as the most valuable of all his qualities. And it is a quality which would have been impossible even to the greatest of animal painters unless he had been himself deeply committed to the scenes and surroundings of the life which he gives us. He had to be a horseman himself—a friend, follower and companion of horse and hound, of huntsman and whip, racehorse and jockey and trainer, in the woodland, over the open, everywhere; by Belvoir and by Zennor Quoit; on Newmarket Heath and Epsom Downs. And the queer, happy, half-rascally, half-simple types of humanity for which the latter place provides the happiest hunting ground have never been given to us with more understanding, at once kindly and real.

Expecting, of course, horses and hounds, we are perhaps hardly prepared quite early in the catalogue—it is No. 3—to find a superb rendering of a Friesian bull. There was a day, which many of us remember well, when all the guide books and even many graver art writers used to tell us to go to The Hague to see Paul Potter's Bull as one of the world's masterpieces. Well, it was, artistically, a good bull of its date—by the way, in those days many Dutch bulls were red; the colour has only been bred out in the last fifty years—but the date was an old master's date and very "unimproved" from the breeder's point of view. This little masterpiece of Mr. Munnings' will challenge anything in that sort that has been turned out as yet. I know the Friesland well in his own home and years ago had the pleasure of being introduced in Leeuwarden to one or two of the chief breeders, and of seeing their primest animals. Also I heard "great argument about it and about," now forgotten. And I would give much to be able to lead one of these men up to this picture and hear what he had to say to this glorious beast. Their opinion of it as a work of art I would not ask; and yet I think they, as out-of-door men, would unconsciously feel it at its worth.

But I am not out for bulls. It is the bull's own fault for being there and so fine at that. My talk is not to be of oxen. Go forward round the room and stop at every picture. Not all, of course, equally fascinating, but you will find it very hard



"NEWMARKET"—SKETCH.



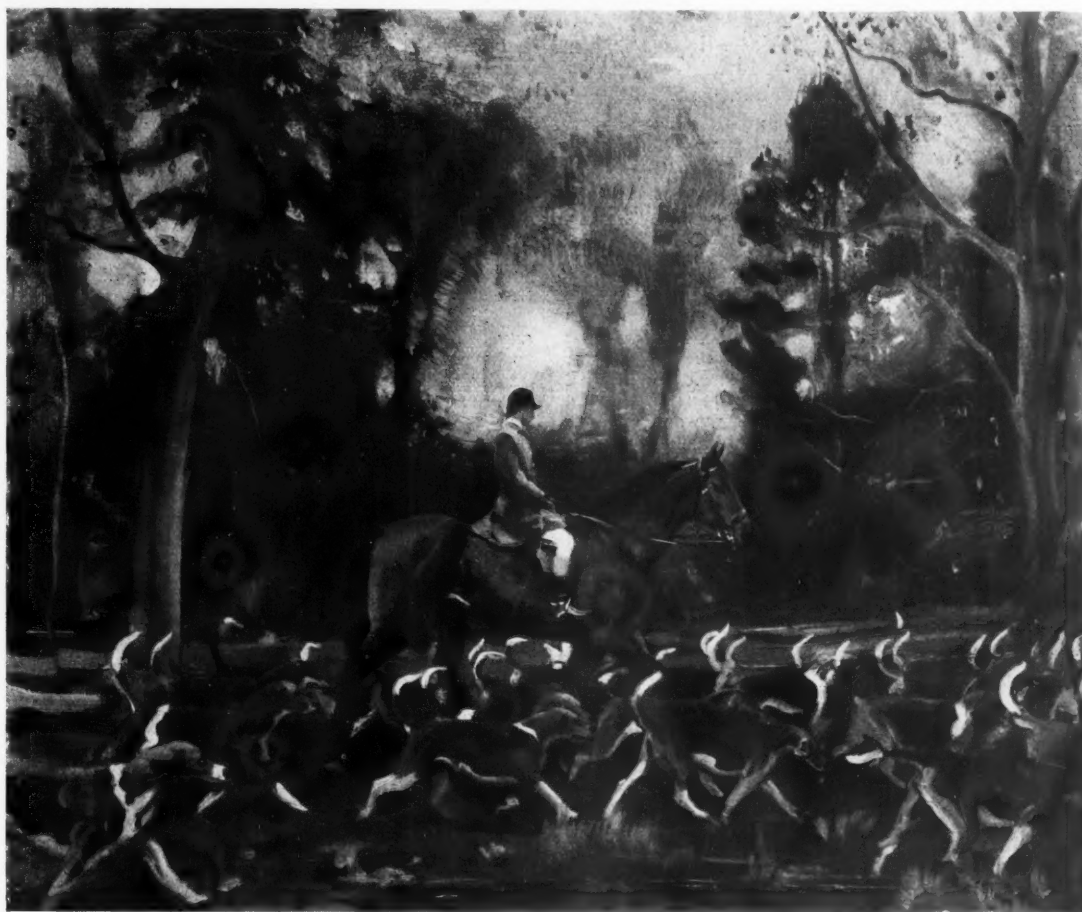
"THE 'RED PRINCE' MARE."



"ARRIVAL AT EPSOM DOWNS FOR DERBY WEEK."

to put your finger on a poor one, or on one which, if you will only give it fair time, will not bring back to you the happy, joyous sensation of life in the open or the woodland—the delicious exhilaration which comes over you like the smell of broken grass. One cannot find space to note them all. Go on from No. 3 to No. 8, "Arrival at Epsom Downs in Derby Week." It is here perhaps more than in any (unless No. 12 and No. 16 can claim as much) that one feels that such a delightful thing would be impossible even to the greatest painter without the copious draughts at the well of sympathy which Mr. Munnings has drunk. The gipsies are, we have read lately, to be put out of sight at Epsom henceforward—at least, their picturesque vans and camp equipment are—for I will defy all the executives on earth to make the gipsies themselves less in evidence. And these surroundings are said by many to be sordid and unseemly. Well! they are not half so sordid as much else that is in evidence on the Downs; but let that all pass. Living in old days in Surrey I used to meet continually these gay and picturesque convoys on their way to Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood. I do not know whence exactly he came, the Epsom gipsy. From the New Forest or the heaths of Surrey, and elsewhere, but Heaven alone, and the police, and

the frank ostentation, the simple-minded vanity and pride of these handsome hussies? That's how a high-class gipsy has got to arrive at Epsom. Look at 'Arriett perched on her Dutch blue throne. She wears every colour known and unknown to the rainbow—scarlet, orange, green, blue—it none of it comes amiss to the tawny skin and the coal black hair. And her hat—a monstrous affair, distinctly a "nobby hat" as I once heard a schoolboy describe the mitre of a bishop at the opening of a church. It is a wondrous structure, the like of which has not been seen since the last plumes died off our hearses. Where does 'Arriett keep it? Does Silvanus swear much about the room it takes up in the caravan? I fancy not; he is much too fond of it. Yet its storage gives us pause. Where does Time's treasure from Time's hand lie hid? Then there is Silvanus leading the smartly groomed and decorated horse, in his best suit with a grey cheescutter hat whose fashion has only got through to gipsy taste of late years; and a younger member of the family with the goat. Human pride can swell no more than all this. You will find the same family in No. 12, "Gipsy Life"—the same bay caravan horse, the same 'Arriett and Susan watching a horse-deal wherein a white horse is being made to show his paces in full sunshine. 'Arriett may not in



"IN THE BELVOIR WOODS."

the owners of poultry, know exactly the "what where" of the gipsies' winter days. But of all the places which gather together men and women of strange mixed varieties—the best, the worst, the indifferent—Epsom Downs is the Mecca and Medina of life to the gipsy. He will be there as long as the spokes of his chariot hold together, and his chariot will be fresh-painted, too, in Dutch blue and startling yellow and scarlet; and he himself will be in his best gear, and so will 'Arriett and Susan and Silvanus. I once knew a Surrey parson—one of the best—who doggedly refused to christen a gipsy child "Venus." He said he refused to give to a Christian child the name of a heathen goddess. Then up and spoke a man of many horn buttons: "Go on, guv'nor, that's my name, that is. I'm Silvanus, and he's called arter me." However, call them what you will, the wild, irresponsible, handsome, reckless nomads with primitive views of *meum* and *tuum*, I find it impossible not to be with Mr. Munnings in his sympathy for them and in his grip on the pictorial possibilities of their ancient—oh! so ancient—migrations (*quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos*). The *joie de vivre* has strange ways of coming to the front. But was ever anything more sprightly and more real, more full of

reality be a good judge of a horse, but, you may be bound, she is a rare judge of a bargain, which is what matters. On the left, with his back turned, is a figure of a gipsy which, quite simply painted, cannot be surpassed for character. It lives. Indeed, the whole picture is alive and full of sunlight—a great open outdoor scene. So, too, is No. 16, "In the Open," where, again, the scene is a gipsy horse-deal over a sturdy white cob. But to many of us it is the hunting scenes which will most stir the memories and send the blood tingling in every vein. Mr. Munnings knows how to make a pack of hounds move. There are plenty of instances of this in the show, but to my own taste—if anyone wishes to present me with a Munnings' let it be that—No. 32, "In the Belvoir Woods," is one of the best, though not one of the most obviously so, and not much regarded by the visitor, that Mr. Munnings gives us. It is a quiet but consummate rendering of that quite indescribable beauty of movement that a pack of hounds can give. One could hang it in one's study opposite to one's chair, and be back among the dappled beauties whenever one should look at it. It is, however, one among several hardly less enjoyable or less worthy of mention.



The racing pictures are fewer in number—two portraits of Galloper Light, one of Rich Gift, another of the grey Vivat Rex. But the best is certainly a picture, No. 41, of a string at Newmarket, weaving one of those magic circles which we know so well, and which, here, after a minute or two does take on the reality of the thing in quite bewildering fashion. They are a little light below the knee, some of Mr. Munnings' thoroughbreds—but so they are too often in actual fact. It may seem

a little ungrateful to an exhibition so full of lasting pleasure to make any adverse criticism at all, and it is with all reserve that one asks if Mr. Munnings does not carry us as far as we are willing to go with him in his liberal use of a green tone in his lights and shades on the skin of a grey horse. Yet if its removal should give us another Mr. Munnings instead of the one we have got, by all manner of means, as they say in the West, "He's a good man and let un bide." G. S. DAVIES.

## LADY CHAMPIONS ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHEN Lord Moncreiff wrote his "General Remarks on the Game" in the Badminton volume on golf he rather plumed himself on the liberality of his sentiments towards lady players. He "gladly welcomed the establishment of ladies' links—a kind of Jews' quarter"—and suggested that such links should contain "some short putting holes, some longer holes, admitting of a drive or two of seventy or eighty yards, and a few suitable hazards." As regards ladies playing on the long course, his imagination did not soar beyond the point of their doing so in mixed foursomes, and as regards such an innovation as that, he quoted the remark of a too susceptible male golfer, "It's all mighty pleasant, but it's not business."

How archaic do such sentiments appear when we consider that during several days last week a large number of spectators watched the leading lady golfers of the day with feelings of interest deepening into awe. Though all the leading southern professionals were playing at Cooden Beach and the Amateur Champion was winning the Championship of Sussex at Crowborough, it was essentially in the matter of general interest a ladies' week.

First of all, there was the match against the men at Stoke Poges; then came two days at Ranelagh, and then the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase at Burhill; and though the golfing public were interested in Massy, Mitchell, Ray and the rest at Cooden, I think they were more keenly anxious to know how Miss Alexa Stirling, the Champion of America, compared with our own Champion, Miss Cecil Leitch.

I had the pleasure of playing in a foursome against Miss Stirling at Stoke and of watching her at Burhill; and though a good deal has been written about her, and the sixteen clubs carried by her labouring caddie have been solemnly photographed, I will venture to try my hand at describing her game. When Mr. Travis came and won our Amateur Championship

in 1904 we did not realise how good he was till he had got through several rounds. There is no excuse for anyone who has seen Miss Stirling falling into a similar error. There cannot be any doubt that she is a very good player indeed and a most dangerous opponent to anyone we can put against her. Moreover, she seems to be steadily playing herself into her best game. She was decidedly more impressive at Burhill than at Stoke. I have never seen a lady who seemed so unlikely to make a bad stroke, and in fact she makes very, very few. She is extremely methodical. She settles down to every shot with great care and the same amount of care, and though her stance is rather a curious one, which might seem a little artificial in another player, she falls into it naturally and easily every time. When I first saw her, that right knee a little crooked inwards reminded me of Duncan, but a much better comparison is to Jim Barnes. The left hand with knuckles turned conspicuously heavenward, the rather crouching stance, the turn of the right knee, the slow up-swing, the follow through in which the stoop of the address is so steadily maintained—all these are reminiscent of Barnes. He was not, in fact, I believe, Miss Stirling's teacher. That credit belongs to Stuart Maiden, a professional from Carnoustie, but the likeness, if possibly accidental, seems to me very marked.

Miss Stirling is small and slight: she is not very long with any of her clubs, but assuredly she is not short, and she seems to have a few more yards up her sleeve when they are wanted. At Stoke she hardly seemed to get the ball enough into the air, and the type of ball that she drives has a naturally low trajectory, but at Burhill she was hitting high enough for all practical purposes. Her iron shots are played with a swing rather than a "punch," but they are very crisp for all that and very straight. Her putting is firm and bold, and she gives the hole a chance. If I have not described a good golfer the fault is mine. I should add, however, that Miss Stirling has an



MISS CECIL LEITCH.  
Our first line of defence.



MISS JOYCE WETHERED.  
Trying to add her partner's score.



MISS ALEXA STIRLING  
Our invader from America.



excellent temperament for golf. She takes any amount of pains, and yet she is not in the least solemn or weighed down by the game. It is well known that Mrs. Dobell, who was Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, is by far the best tempered golfer alive. She really enjoys the game too much for her own good. Miss Stirling has something of the same enviable lightness of heart, with just the right leaven of seriousness, and she is going, unless I am mistaken, to take a terrible lot of beating. Our photograph shows Miss Stirling with her right foot apparently off the ground. It is an unorthodox attitude and very surprising in her case, for, whatever the camera says, she keeps very steady on her feet.

We must not be frightened of our invaders. There are several players who might quite well beat Miss Stirling at Turnberry: and first of all there is Miss Leitch. Indeed, it is very hard to imagine anyone beating Miss Leitch on a seaside course with the tees well back and a stiff seaside wind blowing. She does not give the same feeling of relentless accuracy: she may miss more shots, but she has a greater capacity of playing the really big shot than anyone else has. Her style to-day is rather forceful than easy, but that impression of force is tremendous, and she comes down on her iron shots in a way that men—and only very good men at that—used to think belonged exclusively to their own sex. If these two meet at Turnberry it ought to be the greatest ladies' battle and one of the most interesting battles of style ever seen.

Before the war we used in our minds to bracket with Miss Leitch Miss Ravenscroft, Miss Dodd—who is now Mrs. Macbeth—and Miss Grant Suttie. These three are still very



AN UMBRELLA.  
And Miss Molly Griffiths.

good, and yet not quite so good as they were; so that after the Champion our next line of defence consists, I think, of Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Molly Griffiths, and, after her fine play at Burhill, I must add Miss Janet Jackson. Better driving than Miss Jackson's that day or a more resolute finish no one could wish to see. Miss Wethered beat Miss Leitch in the English Championship last year, when she was only eighteen, and she is a beautiful player. Her style is not unlike her brother's in that she keeps her arms very straight and has much of his power of getting the ball up into the air. She lacks the tremendous snap of his hitting and also those occasional eccentricities of his which send the ball soaring into the "tiger country." A better pitcher I have yet to see among ladies: she can make the ball get right up and she can make it sit right down. After playing very few holes against her at Stoke I abandoned all hopes of her missing an iron shot, and reserved such hopes for the green, where they were just a little more successful.

Miss Griffiths has, perhaps, the most "professional" style of all the ladies. It has all the dash and abandon of a caddie boy and is most engaging. She was the heroine of the Stoke match, for she beat the formidable Mr. Hooman after being four down. I am told that she is, in a golfing sense, rather like the little girl of the poem who "had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead"; when she is bad she is, comparatively speaking, "horrid." The fact that she took 92 at Burhill gives some colour to the suggestion; but, after all, she had two eights and they are horrid things. As one of the most popular of southern professionals used to say, "I 'ate heights!"

## THE PONIES OF THE AMERICAN TEAM

THE ponies to be used in the test matches are one of the most interesting topics in polo circles. Of the players in both teams we know something, of some a good deal; and we can form opinions on the form of individual players or the prospects of any four united in a team. But the best judge of polo in the world might have his prognostications completely upset by an insufficient supply of good ponies on one side, or the appearance of some extraordinary ponies on the other. We may form correct ideas, too, as to the skill and efficiency of any individual player, but we can, in fact, express no opinion on that player's value to his side in any particular match until we have seen him play mounted on a pony that suits him. The higher the standard of play at polo the more important the training and experience of the pony become.

In the case of the pony, as in that of the player, very much of its value in a match depends on practice and training. There is, however, no doubt that ponies must reach a certain standard of make, shape and quality to be worth schooling. To most of us the American ponies are an unknown quantity. We have always been accustomed to think, after the first matches played in 1909 at Hurlingham, that the English were better than the American bred ponies. I have always considered this as being due to two things: first, that the American ponies lack that true pony blood which we have now come to understand is so important a factor in the excellence of our English riding ponies. I think, too, that our well bred ponies lead a less rough life in their early days than do the American ponies and are better fed as far as hard food goes.

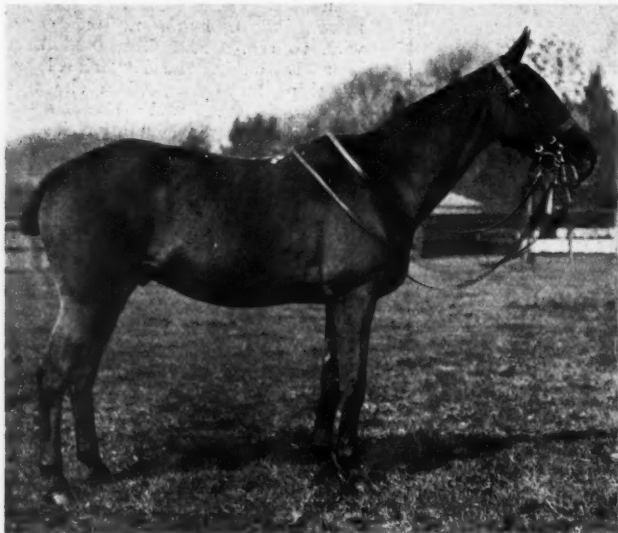
The team of American ponies now in England has been in strong work for some months. American players are well aware of the value of condition in a polo pony. Some of these ponies, including the majority of their English bred ponies, have had experience of first rate polo, as for example, Tenby, illustrated in this article. I confess I should be puzzled to lay down any rule as to the period in a polo pony's life at which it may be considered as too old for polo. The fact is that ponies, as we know from the histories of Sailor, Housemaid, Bendigo and many other well known polo ponies, do, as a matter of fact, last for many years at the game. We may, I think, assume that the American captain would send none of the older English

ponies across the Atlantic unless he was tolerably certain that they could still more than hold their own in first class polo. This being so, the unknown quantity to us is the quality, pace and staying power of the American bred ponies. No one who looks at them and has seen or owned American bred ponies in the past can doubt that the breeders of ponies in America have made great strides in the direction of producing ponies of the best polo type. As far as looks go, there are no more attractive ponies than the Californians. For many years there have been some good thoroughbred sires available in California, and these sires have left behind some mares of beautiful quality. During the war, moreover, the Californian breeders had the use of some good horses which for the time were not required for the breeding of racing stock which, here, as in America, fell off very much during the war. Consequently, this circumstance and the fact of the suspension of the height rule have enabled the American polo players to obtain blood ponies like those whose portraits appear here. Belle of All and Handsellette (which are both "in the Book") are beautiful ponies, with quality and build to carry a reasonable weight. I am convinced, in common with many others of those who study polo ponies, that there are very few absolutely clean bred ponies which are suitable for polo. But, at all events, we have in these pictures an excellent type and, as we all know, there are no absolute rules of pony breeding. We cannot say that this or that method of breeding ponies is the only right one, yet we can say, as a rule, that the best pony for the game is the medium sized half-bred riding pony, with a good infusion of pony blood. Some of the best ponies in the American team are the Californian ones. This opinion is based on our past experience, for some of the best ponies, not bred in England, that we have seen have been the Californian ponies belonging to Mr. T. B. Drybrough.

Most of the ponies in the original American team which first came over here were, I think, from Texas and I can recollect Mr. Foxhall Keene had a flying pony named Texian, which was bred in Texas. Mr. T. B. Drybrough thought that the fencing of the ranches in Texas was causing the cowboys to prefer a heavier type of pony and, consequently, one less suitable to polo. But the two Texas bred ponies, whose portraits appear here, are of polo type and are handy and quick. This was the strong point of the Texas ponies I have seen. They were so quick and so sharp

off the mark that they obtain the credit of being faster than they are in reality. Of course, if we consider it, these are fast for polo purposes, where handiness and sharpness in getting into the stride are of more value at polo than racing speed. The polo bred ponies are represented by Naughty Girl, bred by Mr. Tresham Gilbey, and is by that best of polo bred sires, Right Forrard.

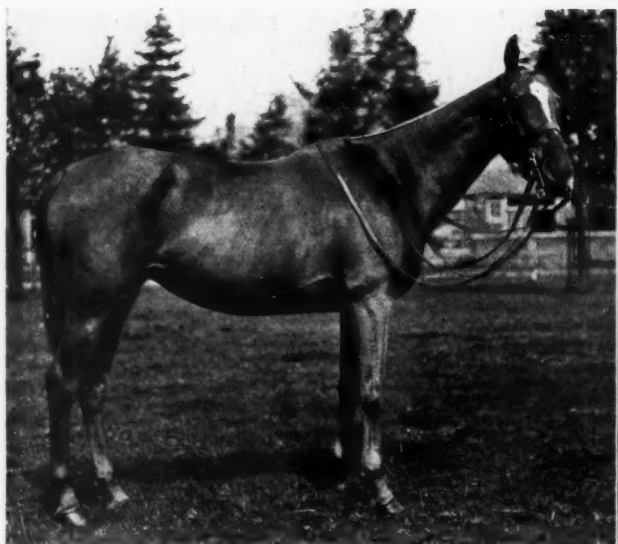
Taking a look over the team ponies, as a whole, they look like galloping, and, perhaps, if we were in the show ring, we should pick out the English Harkaway as one to carry weight, and Belle of All for quality, looks and, possibly, pace. I have seen the English ponies, but so far, not the Americans, on a polo ground. The American team have the larger proportion of



TENBY, ENGLISH BRED.



CORKER, ENGLISH BRED.



NAUGHTY GIRL, ENGLISH BRED.



AUNTIE AGG, IRISH BRED.



W. A. Rouch. ROYAL DIAMOND, ENGLISH BRED.



SELINA, CALIFORNIAN BRED.

Copyright.

SOME OF THE PONIES WHICH WILL PLAY AGAINST ENGLAND.

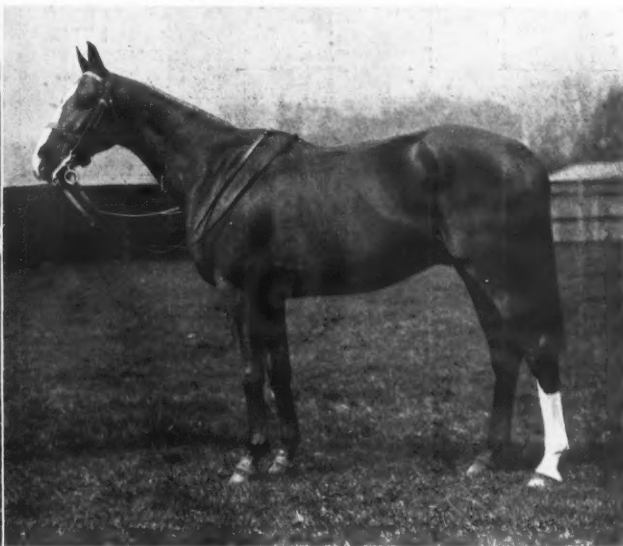


seasoned ponies, but the fortune of the game depends on what is, perhaps, to most people an unknown factor, whether the ponies can stand the strain of that pace which characterises international test matches. Owing to the method of American horsemanship, the strain is perhaps greater for their ponies than it is for ours. But some of these ponies, if looks, make, shape and quality go for

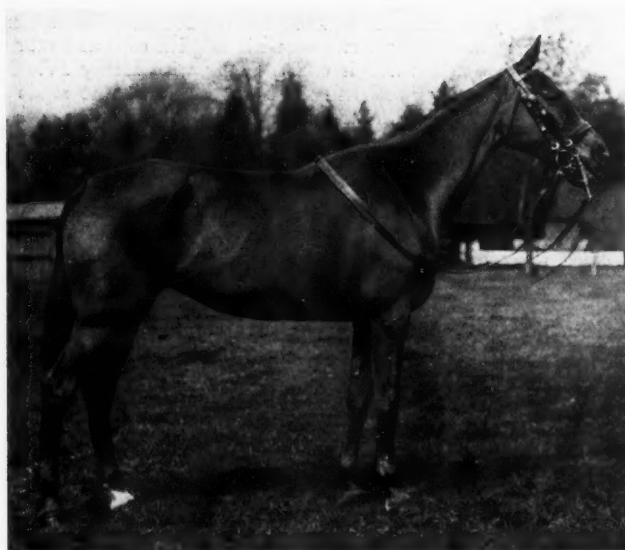
anything, should be more than equal to the task required of them. We shall, however, see both teams in trial matches at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, when they will have to gallop, and we shall be able to form some sound ideas as to the comparative pace and stamina of the ponies on both sides and may even venture on a prophecy as to the result of the matches. X.



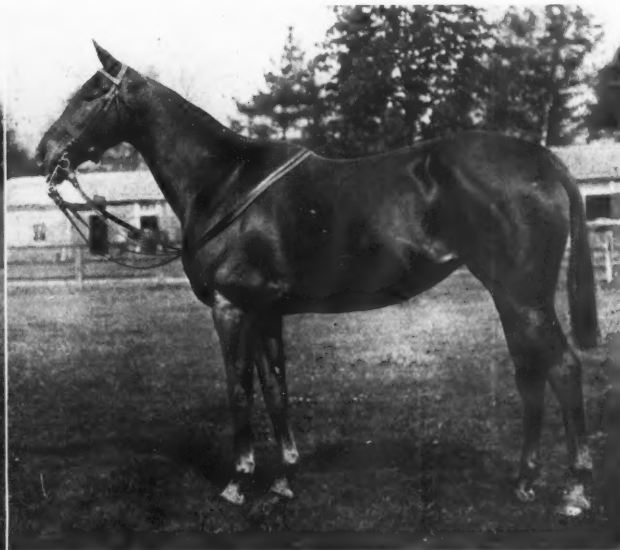
SONORA, TEXAS BRED.



MECHANIC, TEXAS BRED.



NATALIA, CALIFORNIAN BRED.



BELLE OF ALL, AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED.



W. A. Rouch.

MATILDA, CALIFORNIAN BRED.



HANSELLETA, AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED.

Copyright.

THE AMERICANS HAVE BROUGHT SIXTY PONIES TO THIS COUNTRY TO DRAW ON FOR THE TEST MATCHES.



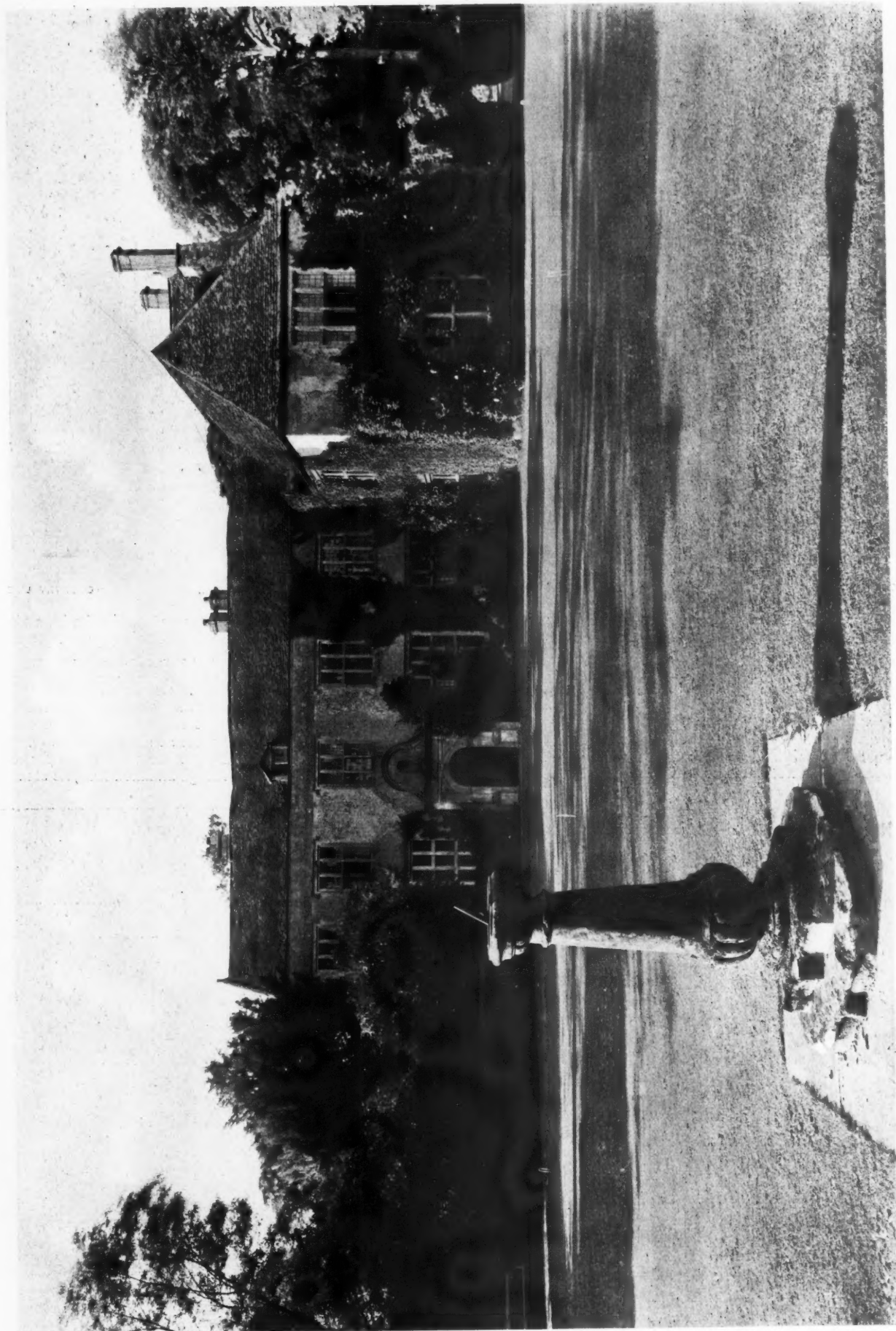


SINCE John Aubrey first saw and drew attention to them in 1649, Avebury has been best known by its stones—by what remains of its earthworks and its megalithic circles and avenues, pronounced by Mr. A. C. Smith to be “the grandest relic of an ancient heathen temple in Europe,” although most of it, when he wrote on the British Antiquities of North Wiltshire half a century ago, had already been “barbarously destroyed for the sake of the material that composed it.” As to whether it was a temple antiquarians may differ, but, even now, the great earthworks, the “stupendous ditch and bank” that enclosed 28 acres, and the few remaining erect stones which Sir John Lubbock preserved by buying the field where they stood, are striking monuments to the zeal and effort of men who performed an engineering feat by muscle rather than by mechanics.

But Avebury has attractions created by civilised as well as by primitive man. It is a pleasant old-world village whose straggling street leads up to a delightful grouping of Plantagenet church and Tudor manor house (Fig. 5). The church, indeed, retains part of the fabric of a fane that stood before Plantagenet and even before Norman ascended the English throne, but its recorded history is slight before Edward I was king. The manor was a Royal possession at the time of the Conquest, a subsidiary manor being held under the Crown by “Rainbold a Priest.” The King’s manor appears to have been granted away, but to have reverted once or more before Henry III,

whose tastes were Continental and friends foreign, bestowed it, as we learn from a Roll dating from 1275, upon “one called the Chamberlain of Tankerville who gave the said manor to the Abbot and Convent of St. George de Baskeville.” It is quite certain that from this date Avebury was not merely an estate belonging to the Benedictine Priory of Baskeville or Bochaville in Normandy, but was some form of a subordinate house whose Superior was known as Prior of Avebury. As an alien priory it was apt to be seized when the King of England waged war against the King of France, and restored when peace returned. This happened under Edward I, for we hear of a prior regaining possession in 1297, while half a century later, under Edward III, Robert Maynard is mentioned as prior. By that time, Edward III having begun the long continued struggle with his Continental neighbour which came to be known as the Hundred Years War, the hold of the alien priories on their English cells and estates was very precarious and it ended finally with Henry IV. In his reign Avebury passed to the Duke of York, who made it one of the estates with which he endowed his new collegiate foundation of Fotheringhay. Resumed by the Crown at the Dissolution of the Monasteries it for a short while formed part of the Wiltshire estates of Sir William Sharington, a wily official of King Hal, whose chief ex-monastic acquisition was Laycock Abbey, which he obtained in 1540 for £783. All went well with him until the new men that King Hal had raised up and appointed to be the guardians of his son and rulers of





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE SOUTH SIDE.  
Showing the building added in 1601.

Copyright





Copyright.

3.—LOOKING EAST FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the realm during the minority quarrelled among themselves. Sharington had been given the Bristol Mint in 1546, and for a while profited pleasantly. Several Wiltshire estates, including Avebury, were purchased with £2,808 out of the profits which by crafty manipulation he freely derived from his office. He clipped coin, he bought up cheaply Church plate and turned it into "testons" which were two-thirds alloy, he destroyed the original Mint books and made false copies. He could do this because he lent money to and otherwise aided Protector Somerset's brother, George Seymour, a very go-ahead

young man who married a dowager-queen, flirted with a king's daughter and made a bid for the reins of power. But his judgment was in inverse ratio to his ambition, and Sharington soon found he had backed the wrong horse. Seymour's head fell on Tower Hill in March, 1549. One of the charges against him was that he had "procured the coining of base money" and there was first-rate evidence against him, because when Sharington was arrested at Laycock in the previous January he confessed all—and very likely more than all, so far as it affected the chief culprit, for, though attainted then, he obtained



Copyright.

4.—THE EAST OR ENTRANCE SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Probably built by William Dunch about the middle of the sixteenth century, but the south end altered in 1601.





Copyright.

5.—CHURCH, STABLE, AND HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pardon within a year and, on payment of £12,000, regained possession of his lands. Avebury, however, seems to have been an exception. We hear no more of a Sharington ownership, but by 1556 find it in the hands of another, but more simple-minded, official of the Royal coinage department. William Dunch was Auditor of the Mint to Henry VIII and Edward VI, and there is no whisper of doubtful practices being resorted to by him to make the money that procured him Avebury. By Elizabeth, indeed, he was held to be a true and faithful servant. She appointed him a squire extraordinary and bestowed on him the Berkshire manor of Little Wittenham, to which the crow can fly in about thirty miles from Avebury. At the latter he was probably the first to make a lay residence, and the present

east wing (Fig. 4)—now containing a drawing-room, entrance hall and kitchen—is believed to consist of the fabric of the not important dwelling that he raised. As it stands away from the church by the whole length of the east garden (Fig. 3), he is not likely to have adapted any monastic building he may have found, but to have chosen a new site, although he may have used some old material. Plastered rubble walls, window frames some of dressed stone and some of oak, steep gabled roofs covered in stone tiles are the materials that were employed by him or perhaps by his successor, for many of the features look somewhat later than the early half of Elizabeth's reign. Indeed, as Wittenham may at once have become, as it certainly afterwards was, the residence of the head of the family, Avebury may owe more



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6.—THE ANCIENT CUT BOX TREE ON THE SOUTH LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 7.—THE SOUTH PORCH. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
It bears the date 1601 and the initials of Sir James Mervyn and his wife.



Copyright. 8.—THE SOUTH GATE. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
It faces the Mervyn porch and wing.

to the younger branch to which it passed. Auditor Dunch died in 1577, and his younger son, Walter, who succeeded him at Avebury, only survived him seventeen years. His widow continued to live at the manor house and took for her second husband Sir James Mervyn. That will account for the lettering below the date 1601 on the south porch (Fig. 7). It was customary when setting up such an inscription to place the initial letter of the surname alone and above the Christian initials of husband and wife. There, therefore, who have surmised a John Dunch with a wife, Mary, appear to have based an invention on a fallacy. The superposed M no doubt stands for Mervyn, and the letters below for James and the widow, whose house—wherein he had hung up his hat—he proceeded to enlarge. His wing (Fig. 6) is set at right angles to the Dunch building. Although it harmonises with it, it is on a somewhat more ambitious scale. The rooms are larger and loftier, as may be seen in the illustration that shows it with the return angle of the south end of the older fabric (Fig. 2). Even that he will have reconstituted as it rises higher than the rest, the drawing-room being some three feet higher than the rooms north of it and having, together with the chamber above it, transomed windows of the same model as those of the 1601 wing, where, however, to get the loftiness and adequate lighting for his principal room or hall, Mervyn introduced double transoms on the ground floor. He adhered to the still lingering mediæval plan of entering his hall from a passage behind screens, but, except in great houses like Kirby or Hatfield, halls no longer went up to the roof, a great chamber being located above them as at Avebury.

How long Sir James retained the manor house is uncertain. Perhaps during the duration of his wife's life, perhaps only while a stepson was growing to manhood. Anyhow, it is a William Dunch who parts with it during the reign of Charles I. Before 1639 he had sold his mansion house and lands in Avebury, together with other adjacent hamlets, to Sir John Stawel. His ancestors had for many generations been of Cothelstone in Somerset, and either he, under James, or his father, before the death of Elizabeth, will have built the fine house there of which the considerable and picturesque surviving portions have been illustrated in these pages (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XXIII, page 54). Sir John was a man of wealth and influence in Somerset, and the Wiltshire estate may well have been acquired as an investment rather than as a place of residence. The sport of hawking may, however, occasionally have attracted him to Avebury, as it did rather later the owner of Draycot, who would sojourn there occasionally with this object accompanied by his friend John Aubrey. It was, however, as the guest of the Seymours at Marlborough that Aubrey first lit upon Avebury. But he found no Stawel there. Sir John was a zealous Royalist and sacrificed all to the cause of his King. It may be an exaggeration that he "raised 3 regiments of horse and 2 of dragoons and of foot upon his sole charge," but he certainly equipped a large body of the troops with whom he fought successfully in 1642 and 1643. Then the tide turned and he was of those who surrendered Exeter to Fairfax in 1646. Refusing to trim and save his estates by taking at least the "negative oath" and by compounding in a reasonable sum, he went to the Tower, and his broad acres were sold. Liberty and property returned to him with the Restoration, but he only enjoyed them for a couple of years before he died.

He will have been in the Tower when Aubrey chanced upon Avebury. That was when the latter was twenty-three years old and had passed from Oxford to the Middle Temple. What then passed for antiquarianism and science interested him more than the law, and so, when, one day in that month of January, 1649, in which King Charles was tried, condemned and executed, the Seymours, accompanied by Aubrey, rode westwards from Marlborough for the chase, and the hounds ran through the village of Avebury, the young man "was wonderfully surprised at the sight of those vast stones of which I had never heard before, as also of the mighty bank and graffe about it." For a while the hunt was forgotten and he stopped to consider the "stupendous antiquity of them." Soon, however, hunger recalled him to the facts of the day, he





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9.—FROM THE WEST.

The wall was built by Sir Richard Holford, under Queen Anne, but the yew hedges and general lay-out date from after 1907.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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10.—LOOKING OUT FROM A WEST WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The segmental character of Sir Richard's wall is well shown. The building on the right is a recent replica of the old stable building for a squash rackets court.



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11.—GATE FROM EAST GARDEN TO PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rejoined the company, and at the village of Kennet "was a good hunting dinner provided." But he did not forget the stones. In 1663 Charles II is on his way from Marlborough to Bath. Aubrey is in attendance, "diverts" the King to Avebury and is then ordered to write the description of the prehistoric remains, which he included in his "Monumenta Britannica."

Much more of avenues and circles remained then than now, but both the "greywethers" or "sarsens" that lay strewn about the hollows in the downs, and the choice specimens that had been dragged and set up to form the "temple" by the ancient Britons were considered handy material for various purposes. The parson of Avebury explained to Aubrey how they were brought to proper size and shape. Fire is made across the stone, then "a line of cold water" is drawn along, a smart knock given with a smith's sledge and the stone "will break like the colletes at the glasse-house." Either on this or a later occasion Aubrey will have been in the manor, for in his "Natural History of Wiltshire" he mentions the white chalk-like freestone of Compton Bassett, five miles from Avebury, and adds:

At my Lord Stawell's house at Aubrey is a chimneypiece carved of it in figures; but it doth not endure the weather, and therefore it ought not to be exposed to sun and raine.

This he will have written after Sir John Stawell's son and successor had been raised to the peerage in 1683 and before Avebury was sold to Sir Richard Holford soon after he was made a Master in Chancery in 1694. Like many a lawyer before and after him, he looked to prudent marriage as well as to professional gains for an increase in this world's goods, and it was through the second of his three wives, heiress of the Crewes, that he obtained Westonbirt in Gloucestershire, a place that was entirely reconstituted in the nineteenth century after great wealth had come to the late Robert Slayner Holford, father of the present Sir George. At Avebury Sir Richard made few exterior alterations. He, no doubt, set the stone parapet on the top of the wall of the Mervyn wing and may have hipped the roof of the south end of the Dunch building. West of the house he shut out the north with a segmental wall of brick, and here by a clever arrangement of yew hedges and flower-sheltering bays (Fig. 9) a delightful pleasure has been created by the present owner. We shall see, when we continue the history of the place next week, that, it having for long been occupied as a farmhouse, much renovation and reconstitution were called for within and without when Colonel and Mrs. Jenner acquired the freehold fourteen years ago. But all has been most skilfully done to add to rather than subtract from the strong impression of a home of ancient peace which seizes the

visitor as he finds himself (Fig. 1) with the church on his left and the picturesque clock-turreted stable building to his right, looking through Sir Richard's delightful little pedimented doorway at the outstretched, many-gabled Dunch building lying beyond the expanse of greensward across which a flagged way leads him to the front door. That—no doubt the original Dunch entrance—will always have been the habitual way in, the Mervyn porch being, perhaps, brought into requisition for the reception of ceremonious guests, as it faces the high road. There is now a woodland walk between it and the two century old wrought iron gate that Colonel Jenner has set up and flanked with pineapple finialled stone posts (Fig. 8). Between them and the porch lies the main lawn, now unbroken by roadway, from which rises a mossy sundial (Fig. 2). Another delightful

gateway has been contrived close to the north-east corner of the house, giving access to the park (Fig. 11). One of the charms of Avebury is its unaffected modesty, its characteristic aspect of a simple country squire's home, combined with every amenity of the complete manor. The gardens, under the fostering care and tasteful guidance of its lord and lady, have an air of ampleness and rich variety. Yet they are not a new creation, but a sympathetic development of what former owners contrived; and that is still more true of the small but picturesque and nobly timbered park which yields evidence of thoughtful planting and continuous care on the part of Sir Richard Holford and his descendants. Of his interior alterations and of the history of the place from then to now more will be said next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## STRENGTH & WEAKNESS OF THE NAVY

MR. FILSON YOUNG has written a very candid book, *With the Battle Cruisers* (Cassell), about the Navy and its doings in the months subsequent to November 9th, 1914, when he was gazetted to the *Lion* for special services. How he managed to be entitled to describe himself "Lieut. R.N.V.R." is an amusing story. He had not previously been in the Navy, although he had made close acquaintance with it in his literary capacity, and was on friendly terms with two of the most illustrious Naval men of the day, Lord Fisher and Sir David Beatty. His qualification, then, was literary rather than naval, and his book leaves it a moot point whether it would be more advisable for the annals of the Navy to be written by a seaman or by a man of letters. In regard to attractiveness there can be no manner of doubt. Mr. Filson Young has imagination, wit and many other qualifications that go to make writing attractive. This volume of his will be read with some of the interest and enjoyment which is derived from fine writing. But the material is almost too grave for a consideration of that kind to come in. His history will dispel the pleasant illusion under which most non-combatants slept soundly in their beds during the early years of the war. It was then believed that, whatever else might happen, the British Navy was so absolutely superior to any other in the world that it ensured the safety of the realm. Not only at home but in France and the other Allied countries the same feeling of security was derived from our ships. When Germany started on that series of victories which began at Liège, and which are commemorated in a certain German publication which was translated into English and is known as the Hallelujah Book, then was the time when a great depression might have fallen upon England if it had not been for its trust in the stranglehold maintained by the Navy. Fortunately, there was no Filson Young to dissipate that illusion; at least, if there was, he was not allowed to go with the Fleet and write home with the candour evinced in these pages. Had it been otherwise, it would have been difficult to avoid producing a panic. At the beginning of the war there was no such superiority of the British over the German Fleet as was generally supposed. The situation was that the Germans had four battle cruisers all ready, and we had only three with which to meet them. The Germans were expected to come out at any moment:

In fact, the Admiral could not understand why they did not come out; for in those days—if they had only known—they had opportunity such as was never to be vouchsafed them again.

"If they come out," said the Admiral, "I shall consider it my duty to engage them irrespective of odds, and I shall possibly lose my squadron. And all because, etc., etc."

It is no wonder that they lived under the shadow of a possibility of the tragedy of Admiral Cradock being repeated on a larger scale. *Princess Royal* had been despatched to the Atlantic, and the *Tiger*, which was not completed at the beginning of the war, was slowly moving from the west of Ireland northwards. Scapa Flow was a splendid anchorage. "Even the Grand Fleet, with its innumerable dependent and satellite craft seemed almost lost in its fifty square miles." Mr. Filson Young was not so utterly absorbed in studying prospects that he could not spare a little time for studying the mechanism old and new of a warship. His description of the wireless on board the *Lion* will be read with very great interest by the vast majority of people who have little conception of how the wireless works. We shall only quote his description of the German message from Nordeich:

Nordeich began, as everyone begins, by making his call sign, advertising to all whom it might concern that he was about to begin his daily recital of that version of the news which Germany wished the world to believe. I listened for a little to the strong, clear tones beginning their untruthful recital; and could not but think it a symbol of what was happening in the world of action, where the truth was

being proclaimed in confused and sometimes diffident chorus, and where for the moment, wrong and untruth were speaking with a single and clear voice.

But the main interest lies in the discovery he made of the danger in which the Fleet had lain:

I heard all about the action in the Heligoland Bight which, like most of the other actions described in the war of which official accounts were published, by no means took place exactly in the form suggested by the published despatch.

The most important section of the volume is to be found in the three chapters dealing with the Battle of the Dogger Bank. Intimation had come that four German battle cruisers, six light cruisers and twenty-two destroyers were going to scout on Dogger Bank, and all available battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers from Rosyth were ordered to proceed to a rendezvous where they would be joined by destroyers and light cruisers from Harwich. The rendezvous was hit off exactly. The first contact with the enemy was signalled by *Aurora* at 7.20 in the morning: "Am in action with High Seas Fleet." An alteration in the enemy course to north-east helped Admiral Beatty in getting to the southward of the enemy's course, which he wished to do so as to get, if possible, between him and his base, and also to secure leeward position. At 8.23 a.m. *Lion* signalled to the battle cruisers: "Speed 26 knots." At 8.43 the rate was changed to 28 knots and at 8.44—

From the *Lion's* bridge the enemy appeared on the eastern horizon in the form of four separate wedges or triangles of smoke, with another mass of smoke ahead of them, coming from their destroyers. Suddenly from the rearmost of these wedges came a stab of white flame.

"He's opened fire," said Captain Chatfield, and we waited for what seemed a long time, probably about twenty-five seconds, until a great column of water and spray arose in the sea at a distance of more than a mile on our port bow. The first shot in the first battle between super-Dreadnoughts had been fired, and another epoch in the history of war begun.

When the range had come down to 22,000 yds. Captain Chatfield told the Gunnery Lieutenant to try a sighting shot. It fell short and the *Lion* signalled to the battle cruisers "Speed 29 knots." At five minutes to nine the signal was "Open fire and engage the enemy." With the first shots the *Lion* had straddled her target and in five minutes after the engagement was begun *Lion* registered her first hit on the *Blücher*. The battle was now raging fast and furious. The *Lion* guns were trained on the enemy's leading ship, leaving the *Moltke* to the *Tiger*, while the *Princess Royal* and *New Zealand* had the *Derfflinger* and *Blücher* respectively as targets. The *Tiger* for some reason did not obey the order and the *Moltke* was thus left to uninterrupted target practice on the *Lion*. At a quarter to ten the *Lion* very nearly received her quietus from an 11 in. shell that penetrated the 4 in. magazine trunk but did not explode. At ten minutes to ten a great glowing mass of fire appeared on the after part of the *Seydlitz*. The scene on that ship has been vividly described by Admiral Scheer.

How the *Lion* came through at all is a miracle, but she managed to limp home towed by the *Indomitable*. In justice it should be noted that the Zeppelin which bombed the men trying to save the survivors from the *Blücher* was under the impression that the ship was either the *Tiger* or *New Zealand*.

Next in importance to the description of the battle is the account of the manner in which Admiral Beatty's despatch was edited. Mr. Filson Young publishes the despatch as it was originally written, and as published. The omissions are extraordinarily numerous, and out of thirty paragraphs only four are unaltered. It affords a notable example of the care taken by the Admiralty to deceive the enemy as far as possible, and avoid producing too much anxiety in the lay mind. The general impression left by the book is that the Navy, after the lessons of the war, will give employment to the best minds in it in order to bring it up to an impregnable position.



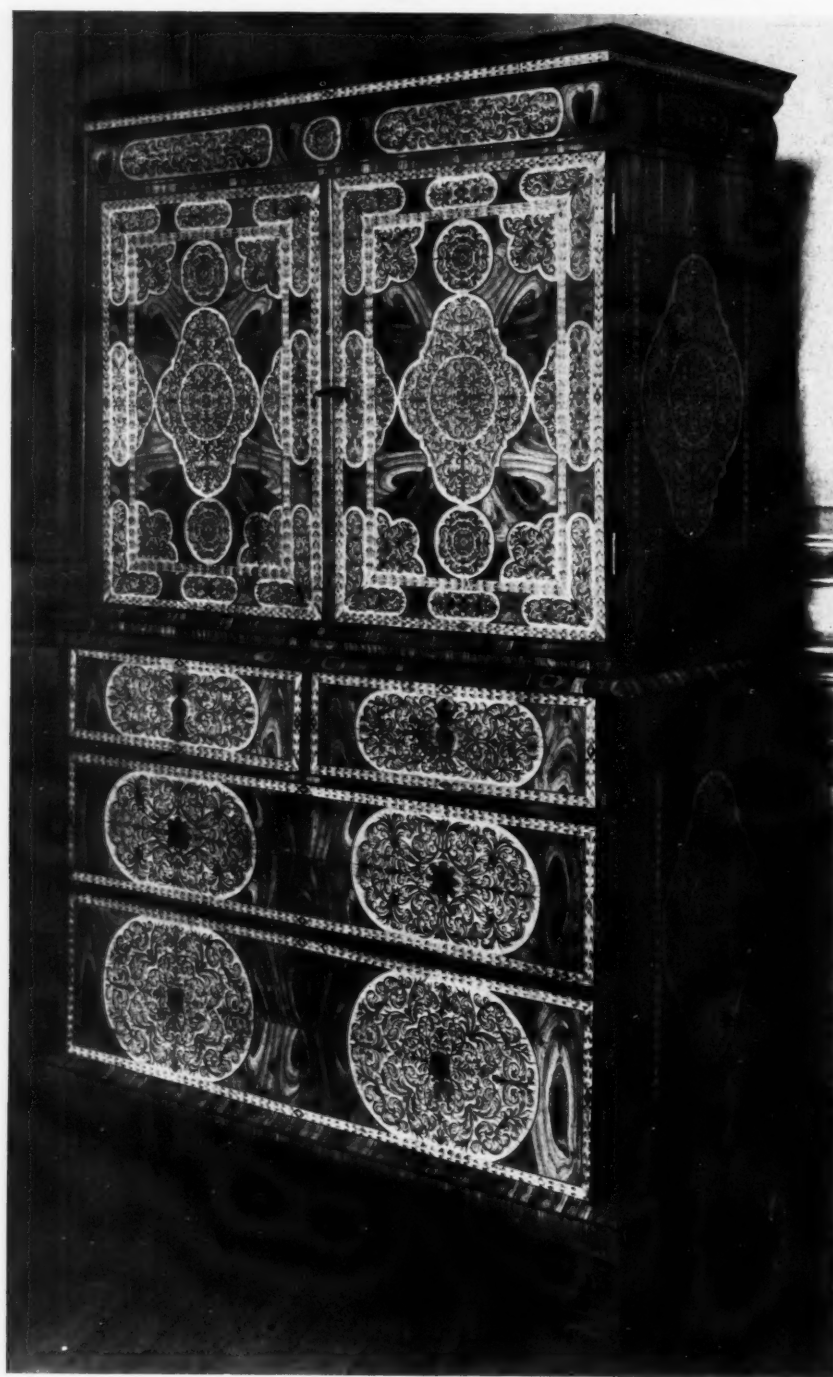
## MARQUETERIE AND LACQUER FURNITURE IN SIR JAMES HORLICK'S COLLECTION

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.

**M**ARQUETERIE work in English furniture made a strong bid for favour during the second half of the sixteenth century. It then suffered a period of comparative neglect, only to reappear with renewed vigour but altered treatment under Charles II, and, before its eclipse under the Hanoverians, it reached the summit of its popularity and achievement under William III, to which

and marketry" listed in an inventory of the same date as a "Nonsuch" chest with the year 1592 inlaid which Mr. Macquoid illustrated in his "Age of Oak." Elizabethan inlaying took the form of buildings, geometric bands and detached floral sprigs. All are generally used sparingly and laid into the substance of the piece, leaving much of the surface unveneered. But with the Charles II revival of marqueterie came the entire

veneering of the objects so decorated—even the legs of the stands of cabinets and tables. Acanthus scrollwork with flowers and birds were the basis of the decorative schemes for this work; as it was for much of that of other contemporary craftsmen, such as the silversmiths. Especially does the very naturalistic representation of flower and foliage keep pace with the wood-carver's art as led by Grinling Gibbons. But whereas that shows a strong individuality, which separates it from similar Continental output, our marqueterie took on, for a while, so close a likeness to that of Holland as to give rise to a belief that most of it was imported. Importation no doubt occurred, but the rapidly increasing excellence of our cabinet-workers at that time implies a capacity to meet the demand, and there are points of difference between the English and Dutch details of shape, workmanship and decorative *motif* which have enabled experts to differentiate between them and establish the excellence and the abundance of the home article. Of such a fine example is a mirror frame (Fig. 6), for which France rather than Holland is the source of inspiration. Lilies and tulips, carnations and ranunculuses are indeed introduced in the manner in which Dutch inlayers and painters were representing them; but the acanthus scrolling and the grotesque figures, as well as the thoughtful and balanced design, denote knowledge of the productions of Louis XIV's "marqueteurs." The colouring gives a sense of rich sufficiency and yet is restrained. There is green leafage and ivory jessamine bloom, but browns and yellows are the dominant tones. It is a large piece, nearly six feet in height to the top of the cresting, and it will have been made at just about the moment when Dutch William was pushing his Catholic father-in-law off the English throne. Thereon he will have sat for some years before the other mirror (Fig. 8) struck its quiet yet very decorative note in some fashionable lady's parlour. Light and reflection were not the only purposes of its plate, for thereon is engraved and etched a seascape where gay barges row towards a towered palace with formal and much architected gardens. The frame is without breaks or mouldings, but offers its unbroken convex surface for the display of panels of scroll inlay of walnut set in a pale background of sycamore veneer, the spaces between the panels being



1.—CABINET ON CHEST OF DRAWERS IN WALNUT VENEER AND SEAWEED MARQUETERIE.

The "oyster-shell" veneer is exceptionally telling. Total height, 6ft. 8ins.; width, 2ft. 9ins. Circa 1700.

Fig. 1—very closely before or after it—belong to the examples now illustrated from Sir James Horlick's collection.

The earliest example of English marqueterie work to which a definite date can be assigned is the chest which was given to the church of St. Mary Overie by Lord Mayor Offley in 1556. In conjunction with an increased use of walnut wood, it was well represented in rich Elizabethan houses. At Ingatestone there was a variety of tables, beds and cupboards of "walnuttree

veneered with very choice figured walnut, and the inner edge having a sycamore band sand-burnt with a feather pattern. The year 1695 is generally put down as that when this form of marqueterie had come into vogue, and that will be about the date of the mirror. Similar in decorative scheme is a very exceptional cabinet (Fig. 1) which is set, not on a stand with a single drawer, like the Chatsworth example (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XLIII, page 87), but on a complete chest of drawers. The latter has



not the bun feet characteristic of the William III style, but the curved and bracketed type which represented the cabriole form on legless pieces of furniture, so that 1700 is as early as it should be dated, and, indeed, Anne may have succeeded William before it was made. The interior of the cabinet is fitted with the usual arrangement of small drawers and central cupboard, and all have the same oval panel and sand-burnt banding as the exterior, which, except in the variety of sizes and shape of panels and in the exact patterning of the scrolls, is closely akin to the mirror. It, however, exceeds it in choiceness of the selection and disposition of the walnut veneer where well marked cross sections of logs of various girths have been thoughtfully arranged to yield the richest and most varied "oyster shell" result. While certainly less salient than the many hued bird and flower form of marqueterie which it superseded, the seaweed type is fully as satisfying. Its very restraint imposed a call for select material and finished craftsmanship, and thus secures, in such fine specimens as these, an aspect of rare distinction. This is, perhaps, even still more true in the case of a little table (Fig. 7) displaying the same character of inlay, not however confined to panels, and of design not seaweedy, but of the school derived from Italian Renaissance arabesques. That betokens a closer French derivation than the cabinet and mirror. The principle of such arabesques was adopted for much of his inlaying by the first of the Boulle family, who had reached middle life and was producing for Louis XIV exquisite examples of his manner when William became King of England. When writing on furniture at Belton (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. xxx, page 385)



2.—SCRUTOIRE WITH TOP IN RED LACQUER WITH GOLD ORNAMENT.  
Total height, 6ft. 7ins. ; width, 2ft. 8½ins. Circa 1700.



3.—LACQUER CABINET ON SILVERED STAND.  
The stand is in the Marot style, 3ft. 9ins. wide and 3ft. high. Cabinet, 3ft. 3ins. wide, 3ft. high. Circa 1690.



4.—CUT LACQUER CABINET.  
The stand was not made for it, its rococo scrolls indicating a date circa 1750. Cabinet, 3ft. wide, 2ft. 9ins. high ; stand, 3ft. 3ins. wide, 2ft. 11ins. high. Circa 1785.



5.—CABINET ON CHEST OF DRAWERS IN LACQUER  
The silvered cresting is unusually elaborate and finely carved. Circa 1690.



6.—MIRROR IN MARQUETERIE FRAME.

Design of acanthus scrolls, grotesques and natural flowers. Height, 5ft. 9ins.; width, 5ft. 9ins. *Circa 1688.*

I described a table of precisely similar construction as follows:

The stand is formed as a column rising from a tripod, and sustains a top with flaps to open and a drawer beneath. It is a French piece of the time and style of André Charles Boulle who was born in 1642. It is veneered in tortoiseshell with the customary designs cut out of brass. These are reserved in style and in the Renaissance manner, the most delightful being on the top where, amid delicate scrolls, squirrels sit up under canopies. The piece is 2ft. 4½ins. high, the top when closed being 16ins. by 13½ins.

This description, with a few changes of detail, serves for Sir James Horlick's English table. Here are the tripod, the column and the flap top, the latter having nearly the same measurements,



8.—MIRROR IN WALNUT AND MARQUETERIE FRAME.

A palace by the sea etched on the plate. Frame of seaweed marqueterie in oval panels. Height, 3ft.; width, 3ft. 9ins. *Circa 1695.*



7.—TABLE IN ARABESQUE MARQUETERIE, OPENING FOR CARD PLAY.

Inspired in design by French early Boulle examples. Height, 2ft. 7ins.; Top when shut, 17ins. by 13ins. *Circa 1790.*

but, there being two drawers in place of one, the total height is some two inches more. The arabesque designs are very similar, but are carried out in walnut on sycamore. Moreover, the top when opened displays not an inlaid but a textile surface, for it is a very early form of English card table, and card-playing surfaces were then covered with green velvet. A very similar table in the Donaldson collection has been described by Mr. Macquoid in these pages (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XLVI, page 752). The same character of inlay appears on the legs of a stool (Fig. 9). It has the flat William III stretcher inserted in the space between foot and leg, but these are not bun and baluster but hoof and cabriole. It is, therefore, a transition piece of about the year



9.—STOOL IN WALNUT WITH INLAID PANELS. *Circa 1701.*



of William's death and earlier than a set of chairs at Honington (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XLVIII, page 700). There a little similar inlay appears on legs of the same hoof-footed, broken cabrioled form, but the stretchers are dispensed with, and that indicates a date soon after the marriage in 1703 of Mary Dashwood with Fulwar Skipwith, whose arms impale hers in inlay on the splat of the back.

The love of rich decorative effects, both in form and colour, which burst forth at the Restoration as a revulsion from Commonwealth simplicity, is shown not merely by the marqueterie revival but by the introduction and rapid spread of lacquer. This not only gave colour effect in itself, but was also, in the case of cabinets, an opportunity for sumptuous stands, such stands—as already pointed out (March 12th)—being far more usual at this period for cabinets than for marble tables. They were of soft wood gilt or silvered, the front legs, scrolled and often including a human *motif*, connected by a carved rail often deep enough to obviate the need of stretchers and enriched with acanthus foliage, bunches of flowers and playful *amorini*. They were freely produced during the second half of Charles II's reign and happily often remain in houses of the period, such as Ham House. But the Merry Monarch will have passed away before the silvered stand now illustrated (Fig. 3) was made, for it shows the influence of Daniel Marot, and may be likened to the stand of a table in the same collection (Fig. 2, March 12th). It exceeds that in richness of detail and it has the added sumptuousness of elaborate diagonal and finialled stretchers. An extremely similar stand supports a red lacquer cabinet belonging (if it escaped the recent fire at Copped Hall) to Mr. Wythes. Sir James Horlick's cabinet has the more usual black ground, and is without doubt an English product. The various East India Companies began importing Oriental examples about the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch taking the lead, as Japan's ports were open to them alone. Thus we hear that in 1664 a homeward-bound Dutch East India merchant fleet landed 101 cabinets in Holland. But there were also English shipments not only of cabinets but of "Japan Skreens." The latter were used for their intended purpose and also adapted to other uses. They were cut up for mirror frames, as seen in an example at Ham House, or set up as wainscoting, as noted

at Hampton Court by Celia Fiennes and by Evelyn at merchant Bohun's house at Lee. The lacquer was of two kinds, the pattern raised on a black or red ground and gilt, or incised and coloured. Of the latter Sir James Horlick has a fine and admirably preserved example (Fig. 4). The original highly polished surface has never suffered from an after varnishing even on the outside, where long exposure to the light has mellowed without disintegrating the surface; while, inside, the black is shining without harshness, and the colouring remains bright on the figure and landscape subjects of the drawers, and on the vases—one with pæonies, the other with plum and hibiscus—on the door panels. The stand was not made for it and is somewhat later in date. Fortunately it needed so small an alteration of size to make it fit that neither the proportion nor the detail was thereby injured.

The cut lac process was very seldom and never quite skilfully performed by the English; but the other process became a well established decorative art practised professionally by capable craftsmen, but also by amateurs so largely that Messrs. Stalker and Parker wrote and published in 1688 a "Treatise" wherein all the processes might be learnt by fashionable ladies, whose daughters, moreover, might, for an extra fee, be taught the art at smart suburban young ladies' schools. Judging from the stand, the date of the "Treatise" will also be that of Sir James Horlick's English lacquer cabinet (Fig. 3) where the background is not nearly so smooth and brilliant as in the Oriental cut example, while the decoration, although bold and racy, lacks the Oriental sense of fitness and arrangement.

As home production increased so did more distinctly European forms of furniture receive lacquer treatment, and such are well represented at Carlton House Terrace by two pieces. The one is a cabinet on a chest of drawers (Fig. 5), the whole lacquered in unison. It is surmounted with an exceptionally important and finely carved and silvered cresting of which the style is what we should expect during the closing years of the seventeenth century. The other (Fig. 2) is a scrutoire or writing cabinet of which the top has the double hood which came in about 1700. That also is about as early as our craftsmen worked in red lacquer, which is the colour of the ground of this example as of a similar one at Penshurst, and both will date from the first years of Queen Anne's reign.

## THE QUEEN STREAM OF DARTMOOR

DARTMOOR seems an enchanted land. It is not difficult to understand why our Prince loves his Duchy. Where golden waves of gorse break fairy-like against the Tors, and the purple of the heather melts mystically into the Devon sky; where the air is filled with the song of the stream—the happy music of bird musicians—there flows the West Dart, the "Queen stream of Dartmoor." Her waters are rich with salmon and trout, and the season of 1921 promises great adventures.

Probably nowhere else in all England can be found such fishing at so moderate a cost. The season license for salmon, peel and trout is only 30s., plus a "Duchy" trespass ticket. For trout alone one pays 10s. and a Duchy permit is also required. These tickets are, indeed, an "Open Sesame" for anglers over the wide extent of Dartmoor, which is interwoven by the East and West Dart and their tributaries.

This year the salmon fishing began on February 15th; "Trouting" opened on March 1st, and both seasons end on September 30th. The gaff may be used on and after April 1st. Now as to tackle.

Our friend, "The Squire," may tell you that March-Brown and Blue-Upright and (if one insists on a third fly) Half-Stone are sufficient for King Trout. And, further, that Silver Doctor, Childers, Silver Wilkinson and Blue Jock-Scot oft-times bewitch the silvery emperor from the sea.

Other experts may include in this list such flies as Partridge and Claret, Blue-Dun, Blue-Upright (silver and gold tip; light, medium and dark hackle), Coch-y-Bondhu, Pheasant Tail, Red-Ant, Black-Palmer and Red-Upright, for trout. For salmon: Silver-Grey, Durham Ranger and other favourites. Tup, fished dry, is very deadly. All

these flies are useful. For night-work or thick, coloured water try a Coachman tied on a fairly large hook. Hackle bodies are preferable to the winged specimen. Use medium to fine gut and a 9ft. to 10ft. rod for trout. A 15ft. rod is quite long enough for salmon. One shorter might be tried.

To-day let us begin work (imaginary angling! a salmon rod in one hand, a trout rod in the other!) at Hexworthy Bridge and fish up-stream to Little Sherburton.

Above the still pool by the bridge the West Dart flows rapidly over a bed of rock; salmon are fond of the deep holes hereabouts; trout are also plentiful in the stickles. Beyond the rocks come one or two salmon pools, including Church Pool, which forms a sharp bend in the river. About a mile or so up-stream lies the first series of little islands, in spring indescribably lovely, wearing their fairy clothes of wild hyacinths and primroses, cuckoo-flowers and orchids.

For wading among them one is richly rewarded. Yet few anglers trouble to do so. However, these hidden, unfinished places harbour trout—not too shy—big fellows, which grow lustily on the food which drops from the withy and hawthorn and sycamore.

One should fish carefully every islet, remembering always to put on an "invisible cloak" and step gently, because the banks are often hollowed out and human sound vibrations seem to be heard quickly beneath the surface of the water. But we must not stay too long at the islands. Before us are several fine stickles and "trouty" runs and pools, which lead us to Brakey Furze (probably a corruption of Furze Brake, which used to be there).

This is one of the best salmon pools on Dartmoor. Truly, do salmon and peel and trout love this long,



AFTER SALMON IN CHURCH POOL.





AT SHERBURTON.



NEAR HEXWORTHY.

deep reach. It is a quiet pool, most profitable to night anglers. Last season a friend of the writer's caught here a trout, 4lb. 2ozs., in perfect condition, having nothing of the "cannibal" build about him. A splendid monster, with symmetrical body and vivid red markings. In fact, any warm summer night, when the river is low, one may hope justifiably to capture several good fish in Brakey Furze.

Now we pass on, under the beeches and firs, to Swincombe Meet. It would not be amiss, perhaps, to call this bewitching spot, 'Fairyland.' Concerning it a Dartmoor bard has written:

On heather make your magic sign;  
Then is the spell complete;  
For you shall see the fairies dance  
To Pan, at Swincombe Meet.

Here the Swincombe, that excellent moorland stream whose home is in far off Fox Tor mire, meets the Dart. At its junction with the main river lies another good salmon pool. This Swincombe ought to be fished all the way from Sherburton to White Works. After heavy rains it is wonderful water, especially so in its higher reaches.

Quite soon now we arrive at a fisherman's stile; opposite it, in the river, stands a big rock, beneath its shadows generally lives a salmon. Again, almost within gunshot distance, a rough and ready bridge crosses the Dart, linking Sherburton to Brownberry. Here is yet another salmon haunt.

So we work on, trying the stickles and the still places—where dry flies may be used to advantage. And half a mile upstream the "Mermaid Rocks" are reached. Very big trout frequent this neighbourhood, but much magic must be learnt in order to outwit them. At last, beyond these rocky regions, we eventually see Daubeney Pool and, immediately below the stepping-stones, the well known salmon-spawning beds.

If we wish to return home quickly we can take a short cut along the moor-path, from Little Sherburton to Sherburton, through the

farmyard and down the road, over Swincombe bridge, past Gobbet's, and up the hill to Gobbet's Plain; thence downwards, direct to our hotel, where comfort and good cheer make a happy complement to the day's sport.



TRYING THE STICKLES.



YOU MAY GET TROUT—



—OR SALMON IN THE WEST DART

# CORRESPONDENCE

## CORN OR PIGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My letter to your valuable weekly has interested a large number of readers. It has done so for the simple reason that others must have felt as I did with the tremendous drop in the prices of farm crops. So interesting has the subject become that I have been asked to give a course of four lectures at my farm on Pig Keeping on scientific and profitable lines, and there your readers will see my pedigree Middle White pigs penned and grazing like sheep and growing at a very rapid rate; they will see some sixty sows browsing on clover and looking the picture of health, contented and happy. No pigsties are allowed to house these animals, and, what is more, they are free from that terrible scourge, tubercle, which disease is so prevalent on most farms. Tubercle among our farm animals is, I fear, increasing, and it has been one of my chief works to have a herd of some five hundred pigs which are healthy and free from this scourge. The English farmer of to-day is beginning to realise that pedigree stock is a far better paying proposition than mongrel, and it is up to us who have had a scientific training to give our knowledge freely for the enlightening of our fellow farmers who have not had our opportunities. Further, as the result of this method of growing pigs on the open-air system, apart from its cheapness, the animal is able to absorb a large amount of food accessories, substances called "vitamines." I shall be only too pleased to see any of your readers at my farm and to answer any questions that they wish to put to me, and to show all my methods which are used for the rearing of pigs, so that we may keep in our country some of the ninety millions which we paid last year to foreign countries for pig products. It distresses me very much to find that during last year this sum of money was sent out of the country for food material which we could well have grown at a great profit and yet compete with the foreigner. This is my sole reason for asking you to publish the above.—M. J. ROWLANDS, M.D., Nash Farm, Keston, Kent.

## THE FOOD OF THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Dr. Walter E. Collinge and Captain B. N. Hammond have taken exception to some of my remarks in an article by myself published in your issue of April 16th. The general reading public and all ornithologists are well acquainted with the extraordinarily valuable work that Dr. Collinge conducted at St. Andrews University before coming to York, in connection with the feeding habits of British birds. The stomach contents of all our birds are being examined by volumetric analysis and tabulated in the ingenious design of a circle divided into segments, which represent

the different kinds of food taken by a particular bird and show whether the destruction of this food by the bird is beneficial or harmful to the interest of man. This volumetric analysis is undoubtedly sound so long as the various foods taken by a bird are digested at approximately the same rate. With fish-feeding birds, fish is digested at a much more rapid rate than the average land food taken by the same bird, so that volumetric analysis as to the stomach contents of sea birds, and in particular the black-headed gull, is most misleading. I am at the present time fully engaged at a Defence Force Camp, but as soon as I am free I shall be pleased to send you an account of various experiments which bear out the statement made above. Dr. Collinge states my methods of estimating food items are valueless. I suggest that the practical observations and experiments which I have made may be useful in checking his academic conclusions.

Dr. Collinge next states that the black-headed gull is not a diver—we all know that—and cannot catch any fish in the water save within three or four inches of the surface. Here Dr. Collinge is misinformed; this gull is now learning to be a plunger, and can take a fish six to nine inches under the water, as observed by myself and those who had seen the black-headed gull on my observation ponds. Next Dr. Collinge states that in 600 birds that he has examined fish were present in less than one-sixth per cent. and that the total bulk was less than five per cent., "probably all obtained from shore refuse." I doubt very much whether the "canny Scot" is going to throw away trout as refuse, yet in 1913-14 I examined the stomach contents of thirty-nine black-headed gulls shot in the vicinity of a stream near the Solway fishery, Dumfries, and near the Rothesay fishery, Bute. Trout (*Salmo fario*) were found in 64 per cent. of the birds; one specimen alone contained nine trout from 2½ ins. to 4 ins. in length, and several fish of 6 ins. were taken. Dr. Collinge suggests that the black-headed gull does not capture live fish and that fish found in this bird are only from shore refuse. This is, of course, so ridiculous that it throws doubt on many of Dr. Collinge's conclusions. In conclusion I would refer you to an article in the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE where an ornithologist aptly describes the habits of the black-headed gull. The author of this article writes as follows: "When the black-headed gull leaves the pond" (breeding grounds) "it does not at all follow that it wings its way back to its seaside haunts. On the contrary, it takes very readily to the moorland, where the stream provides as much food as the sea itself." The writer then describes how gulls fish up-stream so as to avoid being detected by the wary fish. "The gull, on a beat of a mile or so, comes up as warily and vigilantly as a good angler, and when he reaches the end of his beat departs

over the shoulder of a hill so as to be out of view, and resumes his quest at the point at which he originally started." If Dr. Collinge were to make some field experiments in addition to his academic researches I think he would find that the fish found in black-headed gull "probably were not all obtained from shore refuse."

All I maintain is that the black-headed gull does an immense harm to our inland and inshore fisheries and that the benefits that this bird confers on agriculture do not compensate for these injuries. As to Captain Hammond's comments, I think he has misunderstood me. I never intended to imply that dry-fly fishing was the only legitimate method of catching trout, but that fly fishing was the only legitimate procedure. Certainly I prefer the dry-fly, but I quite appreciate Captain Hammond's point of view.—FRANCIS WARD.

## THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is my weekly statement for week ending April 21st:

Capital, £1,500.	Land, 3 acres.	Cocks, 49;	
		hens, 948;	total, 997.
1,540lb. of food eaten (grain and meal)	£ 3. d.		
Shell and grit	12 7 11		
Time paid out for labour	0 10 0		
	3 2 0		
	£15 19 11		
Carriage on eggs	0 14 3		
Advertising, £1 10s.; rent, 10s.;			
depreciation, plant, £1;	4 0 0		
	£20 14 2		
or 4.98d. per bird, or 1.49d. per egg laid.			
3,330 eggs were laid during the week:			
941 sold for sitting	£18 15 7 (or 4.78d. ea.)		
2,666 sold for eating	22 13 7 (or 2.04d. ea.)		
3,607	£41 9 2		
or 9.98d. per bird.			
Balance	£20 15s. od.		
Some interesting facts:			
Eggs produced cost for	This wk. Last wk.		
food and labour	1.15d. 1.10d. each		
Eating eggs sold for	2.04d. 2.08d. each		
Each bird ate	24.71 26.10 ozs.		
Grain and meal cost per lb.	1.93d. 1.92d.		
	F. G. PAYNTER.		

## CORMORANTS FEEDING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two snapshots of cormorants feeding which you may like to publish. The first shows the mother bird having returned to the nest with a catch of fish in her crop; and in the second the young birds are getting their food.—H. G. GILLIHAN.



"GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT FOR YOU."



"TAKE IT NICELY."



## A JAPANESE LAP DOG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Japan some ladies of quality have a "chin," or Japanese pet dog, at their home that



A "CHIN" AND A BIB.

wears a bib just like a little child. The dog is very playful but seldom goes out of doors. A ball is the only one thing it plays with. It is so lovely, indeed.—KIYOSKI SAKAMOTO.

## AN EXTINGUISHED PIGEON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In view of the interest aroused by the exhibition of some photographs of the extinct



THE LAST MAYER'S PIGEON.

passenger pigeon at a recent meeting of the Zoological Society, I am forwarding a picture of yet another extinct form, called Mayer's pigeon (*Nesanas Mayeri*), that was formerly found in Mauritius. The last living examples of these birds were a pair exhibited at the London Zoological Gardens in 1907, and the accompanying photograph of one of these is, I believe, the only one in existence. Even in museums there are only eight skins of these pigeons, three in Paris, a like number in London, and two in Cambridge. Mayer's pigeon was a large and handsome bird, the lighter portion of its plumage being of a pale salmon tint.—W. S. B.

## BEETROOT WINE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A correspondent asks for a recipe for making beetroot wine, and the following is an old one well known in the Midlands and I have no doubt it is still known in Derbyshire, where the wives of farmers and the better-to-do folks have long been famous for wine making out of most fruits, roots, flowers and shrubs. It is a somewhat complicated one, taking both time and much labour. Take 6lb. of ripe sloes or very sour plums or crab-apples. Pound them in a good big clean mash-tub and boil them for half an hour in about three quarts of soft water and let them cool. Wash 30lb. of red beets, taking care not to make them bleed, and boil them till quite tender. Let them cool and then peel and slice them into the mash-tub. Pour over them the sloe or sour plum liquor, and next day add the rinds of four lemons, of six Seville oranges, and 14lb. of raisins, chopped fine. Add 30lb. of good moist sugar to ten gallons of water and boil in a large copper

or vat for nearly an hour, skimming it well the while, then pour it boiling hot on the beet-roots and other mixture, stirring well so as to mix, and while luke-warm add four cups of good yeast. Cover, and let it work three or four days. After this strain through a hair or fine wire sieve into a clean cask, fill up to the bung, let it work, and when fermentation is over put into the cask half a pound of sugar candy and a quart of brandy. Bung up for six weeks, filter the lot and put back into the cask, adding an ounce of isinglass with two ounces of split bitter almonds. Keep for a year, then bottle. It is equal to claret or other light wines. White beet, or mangold or parsnip wine may be made in the same way, and the ingredients varied to taste.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have only just seen your issue in which "West Riding" asked for a recipe for Beetroot Wine. Here is an old and well tried one: Wash some beetroots perfectly clean, cut them in slices, and put one gallon of beet in one gallon of spring water (cold) and boil it till it sinks to the bottom of the vessel; strain it, add three pounds of loaf sugar to each gallon of liquid, boil gently for twenty minutes; when cool, put into a pan or cask, put a piece of toasted bread spread with yeast upon it, and when fermentation has ceased, bung it, and keep for three months, bottle in the usual way and keep in cool place for twelve months or more before using.—L. E. W.

## LADY DAY AND GOOD FRIDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I can answer one part of J. H. T. St. G.'s query as to when the above days fall together on the same date, viz., March 25th. Since A.D. 500 (which is going far enough back) there have been forty-three occurrences, the most recent ones having been in 1692, 1785, 1796, 1842, 1853, 1864, 1910 and 1921. There will be only one more, that in 1932, during this century. I am sorry I cannot give the earliest date of the couplet.—X.

## THE KIELDER STONE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a real bit of unknown Britain. It is the Kielder Stone, a huge rock on the boundary between England and Scotland. After having been lost since its stones were set up *tempus* James I, it has been rediscovered and described by Mr. Logan Mack, the Edinburgh lawyer whose leisure is devoted to finding out the exact line of boundary between England and Scotland. His exploration covers the ground from the Solway to the German Ocean, and is now in the Kielder district. Here is the Kielder Stone, where you can put your thumb in England and your "pinkie" in Scotland. The Commissioners who surveyed the line in the time of James I consciously have indicated that half of this stone is Scottish and half English. The march runs through the middle of it. Incidentally it may be pointed out that this is a most exquisite wild place to visit in summer. The "grene needle" streamlet flows down a lovely little valley about a mile and a half east of the stone and the wild Kielder fells surround it. In literature it has the interest of being the scene of Leyden's poem "The Court of Keeldar":

And onward, onward hound and horse  
Young Keeldar's band have gone;  
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,  
Around the Keeldar Stone. —P.



WHERE YOU MAY HAVE YOUR THUMB IN SCOTLAND AND YOUR "PINKIE" IN ENGLAND.

## A FLOWER HUNTER'S QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On April 3rd, when rowing down the Thames near Pangbourne, I noticed growing on one of the islands a wild flower which was new to me. I moored the boat and got out to inspect the bloom. Its appearance was very much like a giant snowdrop, only, unlike this flower, the blooms were carried on a stalk a foot long and were three and four to a stalk. The foliage was similar to that of the daffodil



THE SUMMER SNOWFLAKE.

and grew to about the same height. As there were four plants on the island I carefully dug one up, and found that the root consisted of a bulb not unlike that of the daffodil, only purple in colour. Having my camera in the boat, I made a photograph of the plant in the hope that some reader may identify the flower. It will be noticed that the bloom has the little green spot at the edge of each petal similar to the ordinary snowdrop. I have planted the bulb in a damp portion of my garden, and shall watch it with interest next season. As the plant was, in one case, forming seed-pods, an interesting flower might result by crossing it with a daffodil. The photograph rather gives one the impression that the plant is about the size of a snowdrop, whereas in reality it is almost a foot high. The flowers are white with a green spot at the end of each petal, and the stamens are a golden yellow.—CLARENCE PONTING.

[This is the summer snowflake (*Leucojum aestivum*), native of Central and South Europe. It occurs wild in the South of England, although by no means a common plant. In the Reading district it is well known as a Thames-side flower, and we have heard it referred to as the Loddon Lily. It is as our correspondent describes an exceedingly pretty plant, but we see no reason why an attempt should be

made to cross this wilding with narcissus—such a bigeneric hybrid, were it possible, is hardly likely to be an improvement on either parent. What is the reason for this extraordinary craze for hybridising every beautiful flower that is found? This *Leucojum* is of easy culture in any ordinary garden soil of moist nature. Although known as the summer snowflake, to distinguish it from the earlier flowering *L. vernum*, it usually flowers in spring. It is a delightful little flower for a rock garden, and flowers freely when well established. Many flower-hunters will envy our correspondent his find.—ED.]



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# FAMOUS SPORTING PROPERTIES

**T**HE sale of Blubberhouses Moor, Lord Gerard's decision to have Eastwell Park offered by auction, the coming sale of Sherfield English, and the fishing and shooting which form an important feature of other properties dealt with this week, bring out the sporting interest very strongly, though the residential, agricultural and mineral value of some of the estates mentioned to-day is also considerable.

### EASTWELL PARK AT AUCTION.

**M**ANY aspects of Eastwell Park, Kent, have been discussed in these columns, and the value of its contents will be evident at the auction about to be held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The firm has now received instructions from Lord Gerard to bring the estate under the hammer. It has been in the market for private treaty, as stated recently. Mr. Max Baker gave an account in COUNTRY LIFE (March 26th last, page 364), with illustrations, of how "nature and man have combined to produce high pheasants" at Eastwell. The ground carries an almost unlimited number of birds, and is relatively inexpensive in maintenance. Wildfowl and rabbits are remarkably plentiful.

The principal architectural and personal facts concerning Eastwell Park were recapitulated in COUNTRY LIFE of January 15th last (page 81), and an illustrated description of the property was published in these columns, Vol. I, page 378. The late King Edward often visited Eastwell.

### BLUBBERHOUSES SOLD.

**SIR JOHN FRANKLAND PAYNE-GALLWEY** has sold the famous Yorkshire moor of Blubberhouses through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. This oddly named sporting area of roundly 3,000 acres, with rights over hundreds of acres of land adjacent to the reservoirs of the Leeds Corporation, and deriving the advantages of proximity to Denton moor and that of the Duke of Devonshire, has some "record" shoots to its credit. Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey have told of its quality in their contributions to the Badminton Library. The former shot 872 grouse in one day in 1872 with his own gun, and being met, as most sportsmen are, with incredulity when real achievements are reported, he decided to repeat the experiment in 1888, and got 1,070 grouse to his own gun. A view of Blubberhouses appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of March 19th last, page 355.

The well placed coverts of the Sherfield English estate of 1,220 acres in Hampshire have been carefully looked after, and the property, one of the most attractive sporting places in the county, with a comfortable, small Queen Anne house, is entrusted to Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. for private sale.

### HENLEY PARK, PIRBRIGHT.

**KING EDWARD VII** visited Henley Park, Pirbright, and planted a tree on the lawn in commemoration of his visit on December 5th, 1900. The estate of 1,300 acres, at present in the occupation of Lady Roberts, is about to come into the market. The history of the property goes back as far as 1677, when John Glynne of Henley Park purchased the manor of Pirbright. John was the son of Lord Chief Justice Glynne, who presided over the courts in the time of the Usurpation. John Glynne died in 1682, and his surviving daughter took the manor in marriage to Sir Richard Child, who afterwards became Earl of Tilney. In 1739 Solomon Dayrolis acquired the manor by purchase, and he held it for forty-five years, selling it in 1784 to Henry Halsey, an ancestor of the present owner.

### EASTWICK PARK, BOOKHAM.

**T**HE Georgian mansion and 900 acres, Eastwick Park, Bookham Common, is, like Henley Park, in the hands of Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Richard Ellis and Son for sale. A good deal of the land may be regarded as ripe for the building of high-class residential properties. In the middle of the sixteenth century Eastwick, as it was then called, was a seat of the Howards. Eastwick manorial records show that the manor was eventually absorbed in that of Bookham.

It belonged to the Earl of Effingham until it was settled by Thomas, the second earl, as part of the jointure of his wife Elizabeth to various tenants. In 1801 Eastwick was sold to James Laurel, who made extensive structural alterations to the house, in 1806-7. A portion of Eastwick Park estate is within the boundaries of the manor of Little Bookham, and some of it was given by Henry VIII to his refounded Abbey of Bisham, which was dissolved in 1536, but in 1538 the manor came into the possession of the Crown, and so remained until 1551, when it was granted, with the manor of Reigate, to Lord Howard, second son of the Duke of Norfolk, who was created Lord Howard of Effingham. He died in 1572, and the estate passed, not to his eldest, but to his third son Edward. Messrs. Mellersh are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Savill in the sale of Henley Park.

### ASHWICK AND IFOLD PARK.

**AT** Dulverton next Monday the remaining portions of the Ashwick estate, three miles from the little township on the Somerset and Devon border, are to be submitted by Messrs. Winkworth and Co., who have found a purchaser privately for Sir Edward Penton's house since their auction a month ago. The lots to be dealt with next week include ornamental and sporting woodlands, 1½ miles of salmon and trout fishing, with a bungalow, Ashwick Farm, 400 acres, and Slade Farm, 180 acres, the total area amounting to 730 acres.

Ifold Park, between Petworth and Horsham, a Georgian mansion, in the midst of 1,100 acres, much of it woods, a well known meet of Lord Leconfield's hounds, has been sold by private treaty through Messrs. Winkworth and Co.

Belvoir House, with 5 acres at Fareham, has been sold for £3,500 by Messrs. Harrods, who have also disposed of Wisel and a couple of acres at Maybury, Woking, at a similar figure, and The Woodlands and an acre, at Barnes Common, for £5,000.

### RESTORATION HOUSE SOLD.

**A** PROPERTY dating from 1587, Restoration House, Rochester, which has recently been described in these columns, has been bought by Canon Robins. Messrs. Hampton and Sons were to have offered the famous old house at their auction in St. James's Square last Tuesday. The firm has effected the sale of No. 1, South Side, Wimbledon, which would have been submitted next month; and of The Manor House, Little Berkhamstead, which was withdrawn at the first auction the firm held in their new mart.

Next Monday the stock at Bawnmore Farm, near Rugby, will be sold—following the sale of the property of 37 acres to Mr. Walter McCreery for £3,120 by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The former firm is shortly to submit Salford Hall, Melton Mowbray, jointly with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, a house in the Elizabethan style, with 120 acres; and The House by the Lake at Dormans Park. The name is not fanciful, for there are 6 acres of water in the grounds, well stocked with trout.

### LOOE ISLAND, CORNWALL.

**L**OOE ISLAND, Cornwall, less than a hundred years ago a hotbed of smuggling, has changed hands for £4,000 through Messrs. Callaway and Co. It has a house, cottage and bungalow, and a total area of 21 acres, of which probably two-thirds are cultivable. Commander Lord Teignmouth, R.N., gave an entertaining account in the *Western Morning News* of September 22nd, 1920, of the doings of a trio, husband, wife and sister, who settled on Looe Island in the early thirties of last century, ostensibly for husbandry, but in reality to trade in "tubs," as the small five-gallon casks of spirits were called.

### SNOWDON, THE FAR-FAMED WYDDFA.

**"THE** top crag of Snowdon, which the Welsh consider, and perhaps with justice, to be the most remarkable crag in the world, which is mentioned in many of their old wild romantic tales, and some of the noblest of their poems, among others in the 'Day of Judgment,' by the illustrious Goronwy

Owen . . . Y Wyddfa, which means a conspicuous place or tumulus" was George Borrow's description of the summit of Snowdon (Chapter XXIX of "Wild Wales") and few there will be, who know the summit, who will take exception to his words.

Sir Richard H. Williams-Bulkeley has decided to sell the Baron Hill and Beddgelert estates in Anglesey and Carnarvon, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the properties by auction during the coming season. The total area is about 8,000 acres. The mansion of Baron Hill is situated in a beautiful park overlooking the Menai Straits. There are thirty farms, numerous small holdings and 500 acres of woodland, together with the county town of Beaumaris and Beaumaris Castle.

The Beddgelert estate includes a portion of the mountain of Snowdon up to the summit, and comprises the entire East water shed and basin of Yr-Wyddfa. Half the hotel only goes with the estate, also the lakes of Llyn, Llydaw Glaslyn and Llyn Teyrn, and the valuable concessions leased to the North Wales Power Company, with extensive and varied mineral rights, together with the reversion of Saracen's Head Hotel, Beddgelert, in 1930; Hafod Wydr Farm of 200 acres and building sites.

### SCOTTISH ESTATES.

**GARTSHERRIE HOUSE** and grounds and many lots, in all just over 900 acres, of the Lanarkshire estate have been sold by auction and privately through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for approximately £40,000.

Mr. James N. Forsyth having decided to dispose of his estate of Quinish in the Island of Mull, has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the property by auction this summer. The estate, on the sea coast on the north-west of Mull extends to 3,250 acres, and includes Quinish House, Cuin Shooting Lodge, and fishing in the Mingary and two lochs.

Brigadier-General Sitwell has sold some 2,200 acres of his Barmoor estate, the auction, by Mr. W. J. Bolam at Berwick, yielding over £19,000. About 800 acres fell short of the reserve.

### SALE AT WATLINGTON PARK, OXON.

**F**OLLOWING the sale of Watlington Park, Oxon, Lady Winifred Renshaw instructed Messrs. Puttick and Simpson to dispose of the contents of the mansion and certain outdoor effects on April 25th and two following days. Here was a sale of wide variety ranging from a sow, cocks and hens and a rick of rye-grass and clover hay to costly furniture and pictures. Among the latter were the attractive three-quarter portrait of Mme. Ninon de Lenclos by Van der Neer, the magnificent flower piece with a distant view of Antwerp by R. Ruysch, and two Venetian landscapes painted in 1679 by Johannes Storck. The water-colours and engravings were of considerable interest, but the furniture was most important. Two Chinese coromandel wood cabinets were extremely fine. They were decorated with a river scene and the immortals sitting among clouds, respectively. The sides bore vases of flowers, while the gilt stands, carved and pierced with scrolls, had shaped stretchers supporting a cupid, and paw feet. Of Queen Anne walnut was the beautiful cabinet having two folding doors of herringbone and inlay which when open displayed eight small drawers. The lower drawers and stand stood on graceful spirally turned legs. The escritoire of the same period was of heavier proportions and stood on turned feet. Of the Chippendale furniture the most conspicuous objects were two mahogany wardrobes, one having rosettes at the angles of the panelled doors with a horizontal top; the moulded cornice of the other took the form of an architrave and was pierced with scrolls. There was also a fine Chippendale armchair with arms terminating in rams' heads, the seat rail carved and the legs of cabriole form with claw and ball feet. In the entrance hall hung a magnificent Louis XV cartel clock in ormolu case with vase, boldly carved foliage and mask-pendant. There were good specimens of Chinese porcelain, glass, carpets and embroideries; while in the dining-room was displayed a panel of tapestry representing a boar hunt, with Diana appearing in the sky, in borders of foliage and flowers. ARBITER.

## MOVABLE HOMES



THE BEEHIVE TENTS OF THE TARTARS.

NOMADISM is still the only condition under which it is possible for human beings to exist over a great portion of the world. From the Atlantic coasts of North Africa all the way to Manchuria there exists a great desert and pasture belt where a wandering life alone is possible. Whatever its drawbacks, the housing problem is simplified!

The accompanying illustrations are a lesson on the influence of physical environment. The different types of abode actually symbolise the regions in which they are found, and the people who make them. The poor Bedouin Arab, the wealthy Kirghiz, the Siberian forest-dweller, are typified by the hair tent, the luxurious felt "yurt," and the birch-bark *tepee*. In the arid sand deserts life is so hard, money so scarce, materials so scanty that the simplest form of abode is imperative. The Arab can find no timber, his flocks or herds produce nothing very warm; his "worsted booth" is made of hair (goat, camel or sheep), open-work, draughty, insufficient. It is little more than a shelter against wind and sun. A sheikh of a tribe may have a tent 100ft. in length, but I have seen a poor man's home to be nothing but a few yards of thin material supported by a few sticks. Compare the snug homes of the Central Asian nomads. These herdsmen live in rich pasture-lands, the herds are immense, their security sure. They can remain in one locality many months at a time, whereas the Arab must for ever be shifting



HOUSES OF HAIR. THE "WORSTED BOOTHS" OF THE BEDOUINS.



BIRCH-BARK TEPEES IN SIBERIA.



TENT OF A BEDOUIN SHEIKH.



SKELETON OF A "YURT."



his pasturage. The Kirghiz nomads of Asia have thick warm felts as a covering instead of goat-hair. They can obtain plenty of wood, so their houses are an ingenious construction of trellis-work. Although movable, when pitched they are extremely substantial, for to be windproof is a *sine qua non* in the very home of the hurricane. The shape is designed to withstand the greatest *buran* that ever blew. In spite of their stability, they can "pack" neatly on to camel, ox or yak. The Mongols who live in the same region and under like conditions have the same type of abode: in only one detail do they differ—in that they are poorer and very dirty, the outcome of Laamaism in contrast to Islam!

A still greater contrast is experienced where steppe wanderers give way to the forest dwellers of Siberia. Although still herdsmen by profession and compelled to move their homes fairly often, the wandering instinct is not so intense. The forests provide ample timber, the wet and cold make the use of any other material out of the question; birch-bark supplies the need. Further north beyond the forest belt the tundra nomads use reindeer skins in place of birch-bark.

DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.



MONGOL FELT "YURTS" ON THE HIGH PLATEAU.

## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

### AN APOLOGY TO THE CLAY BIRD.

I AM afraid that my recent note on clay bird shooting has not pleased everybody, especially those who have worked so hard to popularise the present method of club practice. I am indeed, one of their number, for beginning in 1896 I devoted several of the best years of my life to the secretaryship of the Association. In looking up the above date I came across the following remark which I published in July, 1903: "Club shooting at the clays is essentially a sport for heavily choked guns, and unless club shooting can be carried on by means of crossing birds thrown from towers on either side of the present form of trench, it is difficult to see how the sport can be made to appeal to a man with a game gun only." I might have added, "and to improve his skill in the process." During the intervening eighteen years clay bird shooting on the club system has gone back rather than progressed, and yet all the while there has been a need for an efficient and inexpensive medium for incidental practice on game-shooting lines. Not only can the clay bird, when suitably thrown, provide that practice, but it does more, in that the practice itself is highly pleasurable. There are many men whose skill in game shooting is below par, simply from lack of experience in dealing with the sundry forms of shot which are presented in the course of a day's sport. Granting that a trap and a barrel of birds are available, a very little preparation will enable every sort of game-bird flight to be reproduced. To catalogue them, watch the starlings at this time of year making their incessant journeys between their nests and feeding grounds. You will soon garner a fairly large proportion of the total. The next thing is to reproduce them by means of the clay bird trap.

### CLAY BIRDS ON THE DRIVEN GAME SYSTEM.

In the course of pre-war years I visited at odd intervals practically all the shooting schools which aim at giving instruction to game shooters in varying stages of proficiency. When any one of these establishments had devised some new form of bird I was generally invited to go down and try it. The most difficult, perhaps, was that thrown over the "sunk butt" at Lang's former shooting ground at Neasden. The shooter was stationed in a natural depression of the ground, a sort of basin having a sheer precipice some 8ft. high on one side. The trap was on top, but out of sight, the "grouse" being taken at a range of not more than three yards from the muzzle of the gun. Mr. Richmond Watson had another interesting bird. We stood at the top of a steep railway bank, and the birds were thrown across the bottom of the slope in a direction parallel with the line. The more familiar features of the well equipped school are known to most shooting men—the clay birds coming from behind a thick hedge, so imitating driven partridges, those thrown from rather higher platforms, others from towers, and so on. There is no domain of a sufficient size to include a park or a home farm which does not bristle with opportunities for installing the essential features of a shooting school. All that is required is to set the estate carpenter to work erecting wood battens at the chosen places. Windfall tree-stumps set on end supply one sort of platform, a crow's nest set on top of a pollarded elm another; while chalk or gravel pits, in fact any natural or artificial bluff needs only the provision of a wood platform, for preference a 4ft. length of tree stump, to be ready to receive the trap. The value of the practice so afforded is proved by the large number of birds which are missed at the start and the improvement which results from steadily persisting at each sort in turn till the secret of negotiating every distance and angle of flight has been mastered. The expression "clay bird shooting" should be reserved for the

club system of going-away bird; while this kind should be known as "driven game practice." Its essential feature is that an appreciable proportion of the bird's flight—and that the quickest—lies within what may be termed the thirty-yards zone of the shooter. Walked-up birds are in my opinion seldom correctly represented by the going-away clay thrown from a trap; and this, irrespective of whether the shooter stands near the trap or at the club distance of eighteen yards' rise. Such birds fly too fast and too straight. Birds thrown by hand, and given their spin by a turn of the wrist, better represent the desired conditions, and are in any case more suited to the requirements of the tyro. The theory upon which I work is that skill is more rapidly increased by smashing the clays than by missing them.

### THE KENNEL CLUB POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS.

Two difficulties confront me in attempting to say anything interesting about the recent pointer and setter trials held by the Kennel Club on the Orwell Park estate of the Right Hon. E. G. Prettyman, C.B., M.P. The first is that my knowledge of things canine is extremely slender, the other the ever-present temptation to study the details of what is undoubtedly one of the finest tracts of partridge ground in the country—perfectly managed from the game point of view, and, as goes without saying, in a perfect state of cultivation. The 10,000 or so acres which are in hand from the shooting point of view, produced last year 5,207 partridges, 3,560 pheasants (all wild birds), with hares, rabbits, woodcock, snipe and various, making a total of 9,396. In addition, the decoy pond—of which I hope to speak in a future note—produced the bumper harvest of 7,800 wild fowl. Those who have curiosity rather than direct interest in the work of pointers and setters could find no better opportunity than these trials afford to witness the work of the product of such kennels as are run by men like Mr. Isaac Sharpe, Mr. H. Mitchell, Mr. F. C. Lowe and others too numerous to name in detail. The conditions of this field trial are peculiar in that dogs whose office is to find game on moors and other rough lands where the supply is sparse, are here put over ground where at the time of year a ten-acre field may contain three or more breeding pairs of partridges, two or three odd pheasants and as many hares. The whole area is thus streaked with scent in every direction, as streaky in fact as an omelette in the early stages of mixing. As the dogs do their ranging they are as likely to stumble over birds as to catch the scent of others upwind, or they may point in perfect style at the previous crouching place of a pair of birds which have just taken flight on observing the presence of strangers. This year an uncommonly poor show was made by the younger dogs, and opinion was divided as to whether indifferent scent or a slackening of training, due to the pending labour troubles, which left the holding of the trials in doubt till the last moment, was mainly to blame. Again, the covert available mostly consisted of clover in an early stage of growth, and this, owing to the dry season, failed to provide the amount of hide usual for the time of year. All told, the judging presented peculiar difficulties, but by the exercise of unusual care, involving the frequent calling up of dogs for repeated trial, the awards made by Col. H. M. Wilson and Mr. J. B. Littledale appeared to satisfy the conscience of the most critical among the onlookers present.

### CARTRIDGES, GUNS AND OTHER THINGS.

In one of my recent peregrinations round the West End I happened to call on a gunmaker who supplied some interesting and very fair-minded views on the general question of cartridge

loading by retail firms. This view was that several influences are at work to transfer cartridge orders from London to the provinces and in the process to lead sportsmen to patronise the brands which bear the manufacturer's guarantee. In the first place the cost of boxing and carriage naturally diminishes the eagerness with which these orders are sought. Then, again, with the severe restrictions on the weight of luggage which can be taken free, even by first-class passengers, the traveller is forced to scrutinise carefully the various items with a view to deciding which can most easily be dispensed with, the 500 cartridge magazine being the first to catch his eye. The sportsman of to-day is not as fussy as he was ten or twenty years ago as to the precise cartridge he shall use, for his interest in things scientific and mechanical has been largely transferred from items of shooting equipment to motor cars. Concurrently, with this shifting of the centre of gravity of interest is the fact that the modern best gun has had incorporated into its general design the considered selection of those many little items which were originally suggested by the individual as the result of practical experience. Even so, this policy of drift should be checked when it is a matter of ordering new guns. Between ordering them now, when the correct details of fit of stock can be ascertained at leisure and put into being, and leaving the purchase till the last moment, when a gun or guns already completed and representing average conditions must be made to serve the purpose, a big difference in result may occur. Certainly, sportsmen need reminding that now is the time to order new guns, to have needful repairs attended to—in fact, generally to follow the example of the wise virgins. Weak points in shooting skill are also best now diagnosed at one or other of the establishments where the staff of skilled coaches is temporarily slack and, therefore, not tempted to adopt those hustling methods into which they may be forced in a month or so's time. I cannot use all these seasonable hints without acknowledging indebtedness to my informant, the more so as he conveyed the interesting news that he had just received the honour of being appointed gunmaker to the Prince of Wales. The interview was, in fact, compound, for both Mr. Beesley and his son were present, the last named busy most of the time assembling an under-and-over gun just back from the hardeners and exhibiting about as pretty a combination of mottled blues and browns as I ever remember to have seen.

## The DESCENT of the ROOK CARTRIDGE

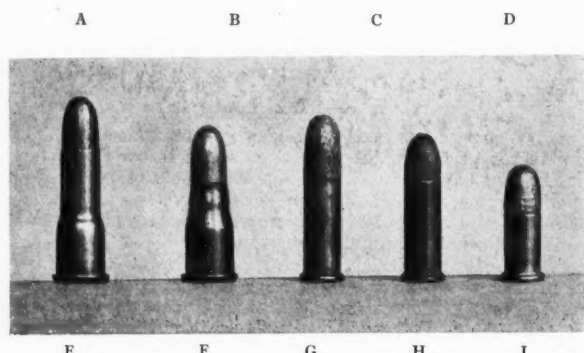
SPRING is coming with giant strides; it is all but here, and the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of shooting. Since the commencement of the war rook shooting has been in abeyance, but this year rookeries have been, and are being, "let" all over the country as of old, and on all sides one hears of rook rifles being dug out of their resting places and overhauled, and of cartridges being purchased for the new campaign. Rook shooting is for many thousands their only use for the rifle on "game," and the change is extremely welcome after the monotony of target practice. For it is one thing to be able to hit time after time a stationary black bullseye, in. in diameter on a white paper target 7 ins. square at 25 yds. fixed range, and quite another to hit a rook, rocking gently in a wind-swayed tree top 100 ft. overhead, and there are many who find they cannot do it off-hand every time. This is the secret of its popularity; it is the real thing, while target practice is but a preparation. Moreover, "squab pie makes very pretty eating," as Tom Brown impressed on Arthur on the occasion of their visit to Caldicott's spinney and the kestrel's nest.

That is an aspect of the case even nowadays worth taking into consideration. Though Tom Brown's aphorism dates from eighty years ago—those halcyon days when Sally Harrowell, not having been demoralised and spoilt by politicians on the make, never having dreamed of doles, unemployment pay or insurance cards, or that domestic service was beneath her dignity, being, in short, uneducated and so foolish as to believe she was sent into the world to work and earn her livelihood, made no bones about dressing the young rooks properly and cooking them well—still, even nowadays, though the plucking, steeping and dressing of young rooks is a troublesome business, it may be possible to find some old-fashioned, unleavened spot in England where the young rooks need not be left to rot for want of proper cooking.

There can be no doubt that, economically speaking, every rookery should be shot every year in order to keep down its numbers; for, though to some extent and in some degree, the rook is not only a harmless but even a useful member of society, yet when its numbers are excessive it becomes a scourge to the farmer and a serious pest to agriculture. The only sporting way of reducing its number is to shoot the young ones when they have left the nest and are about to fly, a period which often does not exceed a week's duration. And this is the only practicable way of making any use of them as food, for an old rook is quite inedible. May 1st is by long custom the opening day, but as often as not it may prove a week too early, the young birds being still in the nest. Occasionally, on the other hand, May 1st may be a day or so too late, for not only have the young birds become strong flyers, but the leaves are out so thick as to hide

the less forward squabs, which thus escape their destiny. In old days the farmers used to shoot the young birds with their ordinary shot-guns, but this was too easy a job and gave the birds no chance. The more or less silent cross-bow then came into fashion, to be in turn superseded by the rifle. At first what were called pea rifles, *i.e.*, muzzle-loading rifles using spherical bullets the size of a pea, were used, but these soon had to give place to the breechloader and conical bullets. And it is curious to find that in the 'sixties it was by no means unusual to use cartridges for rooks powerful enough even for deer; indeed, the Winchester .44-40-200 cartridge, with which the American buffalo was practically exterminated and the herd of Wapiti decimated, was a prime favourite. It is remarkable that nobody seems to have been killed or even injured by the fall of these heavy bullets, for a bullet weighing all but half an ounce, propelled upwards for a mile or so by 40 grs. of powder, is a formidable matter by the time it reaches earth again. It used to be an article of belief that the fall of the bullet was so much resisted and retarded by the air that its descent was innocuous—a theory that modern science rejects *in toto*.

During the 'seventies the favourite rook rifle cartridge was the .360 No. 5 (illustration A), with a charge of 15 grs. of black powder and a bullet weighing 130 grs. This was a very accurate cartridge, but unnecessarily powerful, the result being that it mangled the young rooks so greatly that many of them were rendered unfit to eat. The danger of its fall from a height was also beginning to be appreciated, and about 1880 it gave place to the .295 cartridge (B) with a charge of 10 grs. of powder



and a bullet of 80 grs. This, too, though marvellously accurate and deadly, was found to be more powerful than necessary, and gave place about 1890 to the .297-.250 cartridge (D) with a charge of 7 grs. of powder and a bullet weighing 56 grs. This cartridge is as accurate as the .295 and as powerful and deadly as need be, whether for rooks or rabbits. The two cartridges (E and F) are the long and short .297-.230 or Morris Tube cartridges, dating from about 1880, and have been largely used for rooks and rabbits, for which purpose they are quite sufficient.

All the above-mentioned cartridges are central fire and of English manufacture, but our transatlantic neighbours have long been in the field against us, and their rim-fire cartridges, costing only about half the price of ours, are indisputably as accurate and good. Indeed, for rabbits no cartridges in the world can beat the .25-11-67 Stevens cartridge (C), or the .22 long-rifle cartridge (G), either of which, in point of view of cheapness, safety, accuracy, range and killing power, is all that a man can desire; while for rooks nothing can beat the .22-3-30 short rim-fire (I) or the .22-5-30 long rim-fire (H), either of which is quite safe to use and as accurate and deadly as can be wanted at rook-shooting ranges. Their pre-war prices were 1s. and 1s. 2d. per 100 respectively.

It will be seen at a glance how enormously the rook rifle cartridge has diminished in bulk, weight and power in the last half-century. Yet even the tiny cartridge illustrated at the end of the series kills the rook as surely and as instantaneously as that illustrated at the other end. It was of this cartridge that the late Sir Henry Halford wrote in 1883 that "for rooks and rabbits nothing better is needed; it will shoot into a shilling at 50 yards, and fairly well at 75 yards, and is quite powerful enough." Lord Cottesloe, too, in his great book on the rifle, speaks of this cartridge as being all that can be desired for the quarry.

W.